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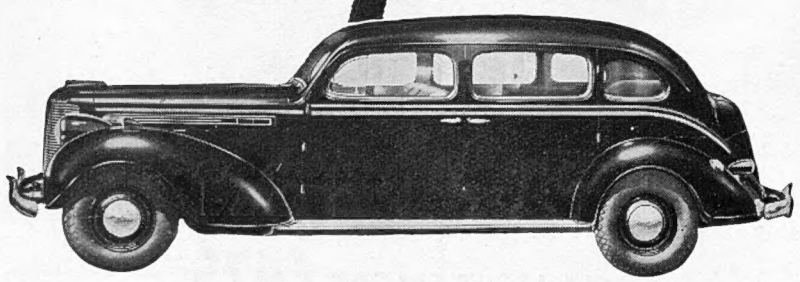

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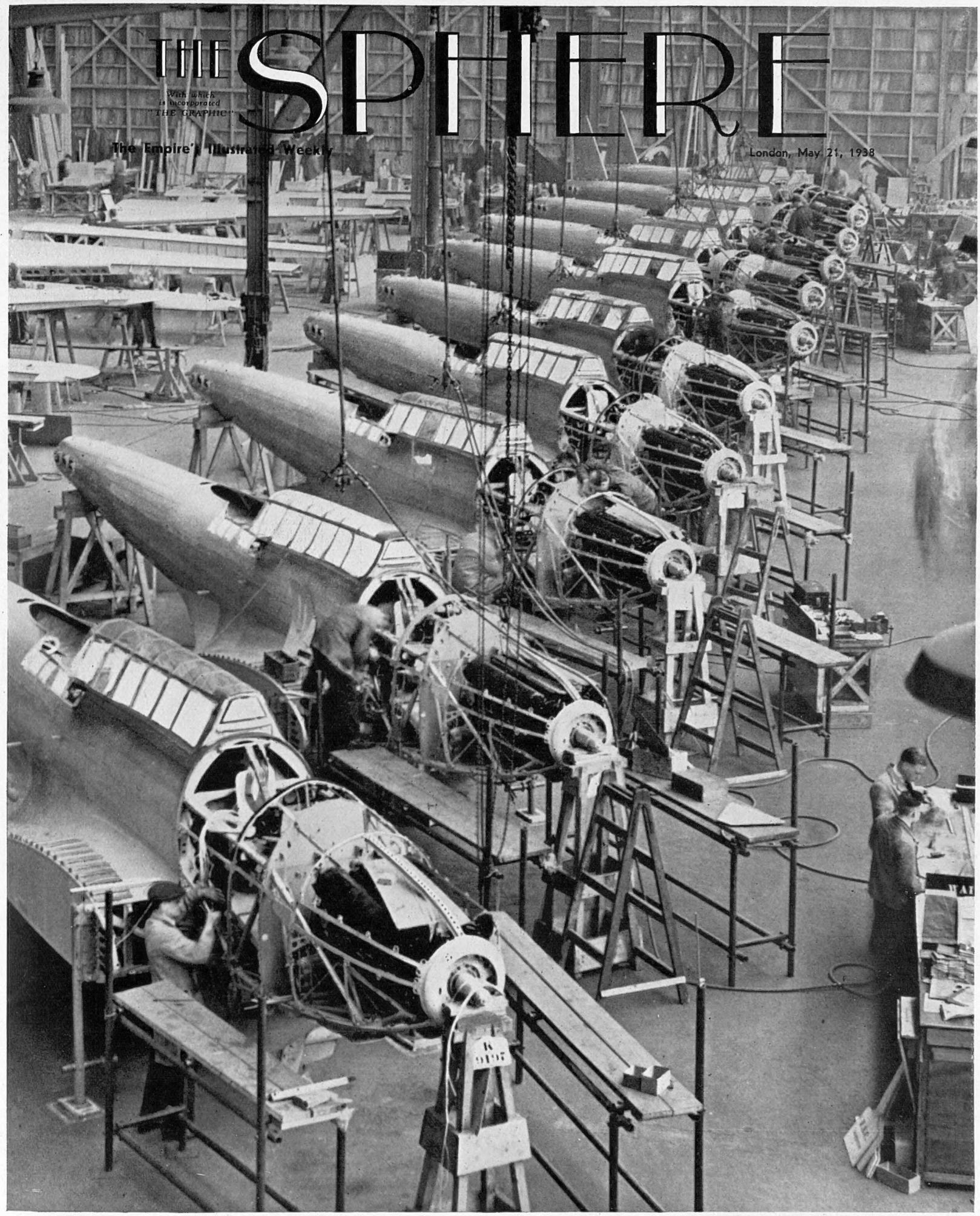

IN A GOVERNMENT SHADOW FACTORY: Work in progress on the construction of a group of "Battle" aircraft, the fastest single-engined bombers in the R.A.F. On right—*The gun turret provides only one of the technical problems confronting our air experts. Whether to discard it and obtain higher speeds and smoother running or to retain it in the interests of fighting power is the big question*

BRITAIN'S AERIAL RE-ARMAMENT:

Sir Kingsley Wood Succeeds Lord Swinton at the Air Ministry

The passionate and clearly declared desire of the British people for parity with other Powers in the air and for the safety that such equality would bring, giving the land once again a full measure of its traditional status of secure insularity, has found expression in remarkable fashion during the past few weeks. As a result the Government, fully sensible of popular feeling, has made concession to the criticism so strongly directed against the Air Ministry and, by appointing Sir Kingsley Wood to fill the place of Lord Swinton, has given a guarantee of its intention to throw the maximum of energy into the weighty problems of aerial re-armament. It would be unfair not to recognise how heavy has been the burden which Lord Swinton has had to bear in setting in motion from a peace basis an immense development of one of the fighting services and doubtless in time to come his efforts will be remembered with gratitude. Meanwhile Sir Kingsley must build vigorously upon the foundations already laid, and those who know him believe he will acquit himself well

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

WATCH AT THE PALACE: A glimpse of the crowd that lined the Mall to watch the debutantes arriving for the first Court of the 1938 Season. Further pictures will be found on pages 336-337

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, May 18, 1938.

JUSTIFICATION.—Justifying one's actions is never a grateful task. Even when his answer to criticism is convincing, a man would rather let the truth come out by other means and let facts speak for themselves. One of the duties of Ministers is to justify Government actions and very often it falls to them to justify actions (or inaction) in which they personally had no part or lot. It was so very much with Lord Winterton on the Air Debate; in a less degree with Lord Halifax at Geneva. Those who know Lord Halifax must know that he cannot have enjoyed the duty of justifying the course now to be taken by Britain regarding the conquest of Abyssinia. True, years ago he questioned the qualifications of Abyssinia for League membership. But that fact did not make it easier for him to explain away by historical reference what to a man of high ideals is and must be always a compromise with the highest standard of honour and consistency to an ideal. He was called on to support such a compromise for expediency for the best (immediate) interests of civilisation; and it is certain that he disliked doing it in the hearing of the Negus. Lord Winterton took the chief brunt of the criticism levelled at Lord Swinton who sits in another place which does not count. Because his efforts were entirely altruistic and his good temper commendable, the House was sympathetic towards him personally, and he removed one or two major misconceptions of fact in criticism. But at the end of the debate, it was clear that the Air Ministry relied on "justification by faith." "It will be all right on the night." In the restrained spirit of the Houses, the Air Ministry spokesmen would have lost nothing by larger admissions of failure in the past, due to causes for which often no blame attached to them. For Ministers are not supermen and the task imposed by sudden and vast rearmament demanded years of careful planning to make it effective from the start. Certainly it is too late for an enquiry, if not too late for a Ministry of Supply. It is good that the deep anxiety of the public has been ventilated in Parliament and that the Ministry and Government are alive to past errors, present anxieties and needs, and the prospect of another examination before long into their stewardship.

LONDON UNIVERSITY'S PRESENTATION DAY: The Earl of Athlone, in his capacity as Chancellor, conferring a degree on one of the women undergraduates during the ceremony at the Royal Albert Hall. In his address the Chancellor exhorted the students to remember "In these days, when half the world seems distraught with a pugnacious nationalism, that knowledge and wisdom should have no boundaries either of country, race, creed, or sex. Unless this ideal had been firmly maintained in the universities of old, civilisation would probably have perished far back in the Middle Ages. In the world of learning all men should be brothers"

HOUSE OF LORDS HANDICAP.—In France in recent years we have had an object lesson of the folly of continuing a constitution which does not suit modern conditions and political circumstances. We are being perpetually reminded that Britain is in the same boat. The constant failure of any Government (from fear of party difficulties) to reform the House of Lords from time to time removes from their sphere of real usefulness men trained and experienced in statesmanship and administration. Since 1911, at least, public opinion has refused to accept the Upper House as a Chamber of equal importance with the House of Commons. Democracy requires that all vital offices of State shall be represented by their chiefs in the Commons. A certain representation of Ministers in the Lords is required still, and accordingly the nicest adjustment of available man-power is necessary when Governments are formed. The accidents of birth and inheritance may send the best men in a jig-saw to positions which they may not best adorn or cast them into the wilderness (because, as peers, no place can be found for them) when their public value and experience are at their height. It is an intolerable situation that fear of party trouble should thus continue to dilute a not remarkably strong brew of statesmen and trained administrators. The position created by the sudden deaths of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Harlech and the succession to peerages of two brothers-in-law in the Government once more set the fool's cap on our antiquated constitution, and called for a Cabinet reshuffle. It left the Colonial Office with both its political chiefs in the House of Lords, while Lord Hartington, Under-Secretary for the Dominions, was sent also to that "other place." Thus one good man at least had to go before his time, and others were shuffled from spheres of greatest usefulness because of an antiquated constitutional machine which none dare to rationalise. From the days—long, long ago—when *Punch* depicted Lord Selborne being reluctantly carried into the sea named "House of Lords"—a squalling infant—the finger of common sense has pointed insistently to the need for reform of the Upper House. But no Premier has ever put himself out to do what is so badly needed. The retirement of Lord Swinton was no doubt chiefly due to other causes. He had done good work, but the nation had come to feel that the Air Ministry required new direction.

THE BRESSON PLAN.—The Comte de Bresson's plan for the resettlement and pacification of Central Europe has recently received a little deserved publicity. It was open for consideration by M. Van Zeeland and Herr Schacht is believed at this moment to be considering its possibilities with experts. It has received favourable consideration by Czechoslovakia which would be vitally interested in its fulfilment. Briefly it is a plan—vast but not impracticable—to drive a great canal across Europe, linking the Atlantic to the Black Sea and giving to nations, whose trade is stifled from lack of sea communications, access to the oceans, west and east. The navigable water would stretch from the mouth of the Loire to Constanza on the Black Sea, a distance of 2,500 miles. But not all is to do. The Danube does the business adequately for 1,200 miles. Then there is already a network of canals between Noyers-sur-Cher and Bâle, covering 300 miles more, a part of which would only need widening operations. The chief new work would entail a new waterway between Bâle and Ratisbon. The great trans-European waterway would then wash the territories of France, Switzerland, Bavaria, German Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Bulgaria; and give free communication for trade ships of all nations from the Atlantic to the Black Sea. The engineering side is not an impracticable ideal. The political-economic would depend on whether Germany would take a liberal and far sighted view of her trade prerogatives and opportunities and monopolies in South-Eastern Europe. It is an interesting scheme.

SAFETY IN MINES.—Since April, 1936, a Royal Commission on Safety in Mines has been sitting in public taking evidence and deliberating. During these two years there have been many grievous accidents due to fire-damp explosions, to carbon monoxide, to accidental ignitions in coal cutting, to subsidences and no doubt, but rarely, to carelessness. A serious accident due to fire-damp ignition occurred at the Markham Colliery when the Commission had been sitting only 8 months. On the day when they announced that their report was being prepared, the Commissioners heard of another disaster at

the same colliery. On May 10 eighty persons at least lost their lives in two explosions in the Markham pits at Duckmanton. Many more were terribly injured and others long entombed. The rescue work was instantly, efficiently and heroically carried out, and a score of mine officials lost their lives. Duckmanton is once more in mourning, another 100 homes are desolate. There is an irony in the parallel progress of pit disasters and of careful deliberations to avert the risks of this most dangerous trade. Irony, too, in the comparison of the hundreds of millions spent in the past two years on death-dealing weapons and the comparatively trivial sums allocated to research for safety of life for better health. It is impossible that the contrast can fail to strike those most nearly affected by the disasters or to be a handle for agitators. It was an invidious task for the Secretary of Mines to announce, with his regrets, that new investigations into fire-damp risks would be made by the board. The bereaved might well ask why any avenue has remained unexplored since January, 1937. Yet, in truth, the blame, if any blame exists, should fall, not on post-war governments, but on the generations gone by. Immense efforts have been made in investigation and in regulation in the past ten years and it is fair to say that at the beginning of May, 1938, the average miner descended to his dangerous and arduous trade satisfied that everything possible had been done to

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO TOWER HILL: Her Majesty inspecting a children's playground constructed on the site of an old warehouse; a picture taken during her informal tour of the sites now under the care of the body known as the Tower Hill Improvement. The work of this organisation is very closely allied to that of Toc H

minimise the heavy risks he runs. Each disaster is the beginning of a new chapter in research and precaution. And so it will always be.

THE LATE DROUGHT.—I cannot hear of drought records in silence, now that the "official" drought has ended. After an adequate rainfall in January, the tell-tale figures of my own rain gauge challenge all-comers for records. February ·39; March ·47; April ·05; May to 12th ·07; Total ·98. Less than 1 in. of rain in 3½ months. And, included, two complete droughts of seven weeks or more duration each, with no measurable rainfall throughout their existence.

A NOTE ON BALLROOM FASHIONS.—It often strikes me how large a proportion of new fashions appear to make for the discomfort or embarrassment of a majority of those who follow them. This discovery may perhaps prove me to be a man and of middle age. For most of such fashions are created by or for women. I don't often go to a London ball nowadays but when I do I regret above all the persisting fashion of long dances. A single item on the programme of dances appears to go on for hours. During that time you are tied to one partner who may be the love of your life; but may not. It seems to me that this fashion is very hard both on debutantes and the middle-aged. No doubt the first dance or two should be long, to keep the main staircase free for newcomers greeting their hostess. But by eleven o'clock short numbers will add enormously to the enjoyment of the majority. The middle-aged man could pay his duty to every one of his old flames, now matrons and chaperons. The debutante left out in the cold would at least obtain the relief of a change and renewed expectation of a partner, and the loving couple could continue to dance together for as many consecutive dances as passion or wisdom dictated. As things are, by one o'clock in the morning, perhaps only seven or eight numbers are completed and one may well have seen too much of a few and too little of many old friends—but band leaders follow the Continental fashion and are Dictators, like Dressmakers and Duces.

ROE BUCK IN SUSSEX.—I little thought to engage in the bloody but necessary obsequies that follow the shooting of a buck on a Sunday evening in May in Sussex! But so it was. For weeks past a big roe buck with its long horns in velvet and four attendant does have ravaged my garden, eating down strawberries, raspberries, currants, roses and many other delights to the roots or the stem. Indeed, they have been feeding among the lilies when the day breaks and the shadows flee away. It became intolerable. They leaped 7 ft. wire and laughed at scarecrows. The housemaid saw them daily on the tennis lawn in full sunlight. My gardener and I took it in turns to lie up for them behind the potting shed, wasting long hours in vain. Returning home about 6 p.m. last Sunday, I perceived the buck calmly finishing the last of the raspberry shoots. I tip-toed back to the house for a weapon—and soon after the buck was scientifically treated by a wholly sympathetic butcher. It was not sport; it made my heart bleed; it gave me no satisfaction. But what would you? The roe are increasing enormously and once they find their way into a garden nothing will keep them out but a 10 ft. wall of brick or a meshed wire fence.

THE KINGSTON BY-PASS.—I remember when Mr. Baldwin opened the Kingston by-pass with an unconsciously grim jest. It was years and years ago, and since then the ugly road has proved a Via Dolorosa, not only for pedestrians and drivers but perhaps for those who constructed and help to bear its upkeep. It now seems possible that what was sowed in weakness may be reaped in strength and that the ugly sister among our earlier attempts to wed speed to safety may become the pride and show of Britain. Already a considerable portion of the track has been completed as a dual carriage way, adequately divided by parapets. Cyclist tracks are under way and new ramp-approach pedestrian bridges are being designed, of which there will be at least seven. Even these will be only temporary, for subways will ultimately take their place. When Mr. Baldwin opened the road, it ran for the most part through "virgin" country. To-day it runs through a series of modern townships, with their shops, cinemas, restaurants, and railway stations. The dreary track is a curiously blotted manuscript of the social history of England since the war, a document, and a bitter object lesson of the vital need of looking ahead, of planning, of co-operation, and of a directing control. It is certainly the Via Dolorosa of a long line of very mediocre Transport Ministers. The Bressey Commission (of which more next week) clearly learned a lesson from past failure. In planning for Greater London it has looked thirty years ahead and made the first serious effort to deal with London's traffic tragedy. It has made many interesting recommendations based not only on what is vitally needed but on what is practicable financially, and from an engineering point of view. Both Bresson and Bressey supply interesting plans.

THE OLD STAGER

EARL BALDWIN IN DOWNING STREET: The ex-Premier leaving after taking lunch with Mr. Chamberlain. His visit was widely discussed and many attempted to lend it significance in relation to political events

LONDON AND THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN PROBLEM: There has been much activity in political and diplomatic circles during the past ten days with regard to Central European affairs, and it appears that partly as a result of British representations, Czechoslovakia has signified its willingness to make certain concessions to its German minority. *Left*—M. Jan Masaryk, the Czechoslovakian Minister, leaving the Foreign Office with Sir Lancelot Oliphant, the Deputy Under-Secretary, who is seen standing behind him, after an exchange of views. *Right*—Herr Konrad Henlein (wearing overcoat), leader of the German minority, pictured outside his London hotel during his flying visit, regarding which there was much speculation. It is affirmed that the visit was of a private nature, but at the same time it is known that he had had talks with a number of representative British politicians

THE WAY OF THE

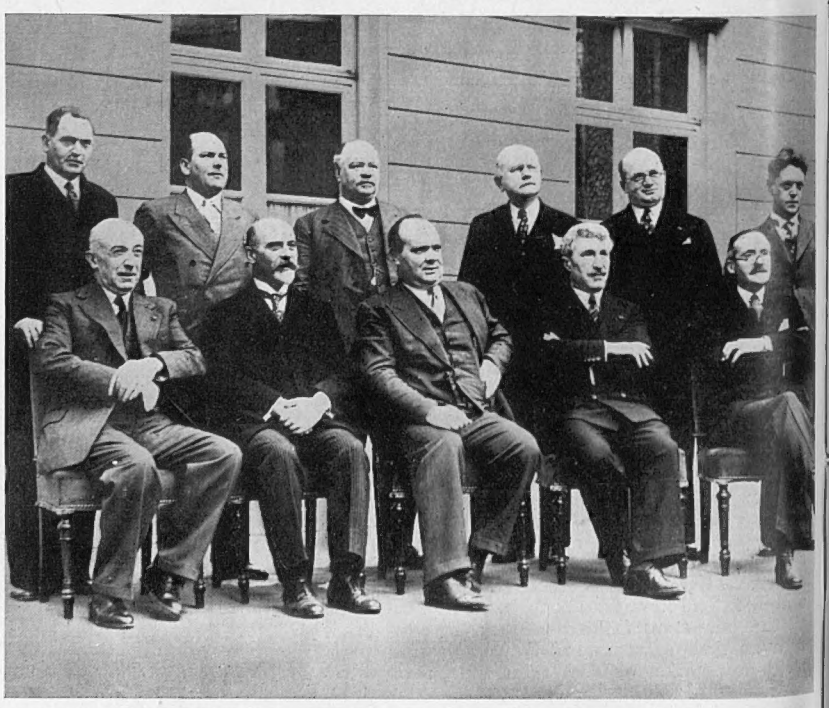
THE CHARING CROSS DISASTER: Ambulances lined up outside the Underground station to receive the dead and injured after last Tuesday's crash when an Inner Circle train went into the rear of a Barking train and a number of people lost their lives. This is the first accident of any magnitude on the system in a period of thirty years

A VITAL TASK BEFORE HIM: Sir Kingsley Wood, who has left the Ministry of Health to take up the more important Cabinet post of Secretary for Air in succession to Lord Swinton, and whose promotion was the outstanding feature of last Monday's ministerial re-shuffle. Sir Kingsley is a great personal friend of Mr. Chamberlain

PHILATELISTS FORGATHER: M. Beauzement and M. Michel Zareski, both of Paris, inspecting rare specimens at the London Stamp Dealers' Annual Bourse, which was held this week in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, and attracted dealers from many parts of the world. This was the eleventh anniversary of the Bourse's foundation

NEW YORK NAZIS AT LOGGERHEADS WITH THE LAW: The scene in the court at Bay Shore, Long Island, as six Americans of German birth were arraigned on charges of violating the State Civil Rights Law after complaint had been brought by Mr. Roy R. Monahan, Commander of the Disabled War Veterans of America

THE CHOICE: Dr. Herman Colan (left), Chicago dentist, shaking hands with eye-specialist Dr. Robert H. Good after the former had agreed to a vital operation being performed on his five-weeks-old daughter who was suffering from a cancerous growth. There were three courses he could take, the first being to let nature run its course, thus involving certain death; the second being to remove both eyes; and the third to remove one eye in the hope that the trouble would be arrested. Dr. Colan agreed to the third course



BELGIUM'S FIRST SOCIALIST PRIME MINISTER AND HIS CABINET: M. Paul Spaak (centre) with members of his newly formed Ministry which has come into power at a critical moment. The Cabinet met Parliament for the first time on May 17 when M. Spaak made a fighting speech in which he said: "The Government is faced with the problem of reforming the country's institutions. In order to balance the budget," he declared, "a national crisis tax will have to be passed immediately"

WORLD: The Cabinet Re-shuffle: New York Chinese Collect Funds: Trick Riders Prepare for Royal Tournament

NEW MINISTER OF HEALTH: Mr. Walter Elliot, former Secretary for Scotland, who now takes on the work of Sir Kingsley Wood. He has also been Minister of Agriculture

NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who has proved his ability in such marked fashion at the Dominions Office, changes to the Colonial Office

IL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA": This huge Chinese flag, 100 ft. long, was borne through the streets of New York on May 9, when members of the Chinese population staged a monster parade with the object of collecting funds for their war-stricken countrymen. As the march progressed, money, thrown from buildings, poured down into the flag

REPRESENTING 20,000,000 OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS: Some of the 79 delegates from 16 countries seen at this week's meeting in Oslo of the General Council of the International Federation of Trade Unions, a body presided over by Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the British Trade Union Congress. In the course of his opening address Sir Walter declared that "sooner or later the democratic states would be compelled, in their own interests, to call a halt to the present Fascist aggression"

DAREDEVILS OF THE MECHANISED ARMY: Men of the motor-cycle unit of the Royal Corps of Signals rehearsing at Catterick Camp, Yorkshire, one of their breath-taking acts for the Royal Tournament which opened at Olympia this week. With men suspended above and a cart below, the cyclist jumps through the narrow space between, a feat demanding any amount of nerve and calling upon every ounce of the rider's strength, as, at all costs, he must keep his machine steady

UP AND OVER: A rider jumping on his cycle over a cycle and sidecar during rehearsals at Catterick Camp for the display presented at the Royal Tournament by the Royal Corps of Signals. Some of their tricks on two wheels are breath-taking in their daring, and at the same time reveal a truly wonderful sense of balance

A HOME SURVEY:

AIR RAID REALISM: A crowd looking on as men get to work on a burning house in Nottingham where last Sunday a mock attack was staged by bombing planes and an appearance of actuality was obtained by the employment of dynamite, a slum clearance area being used for the purpose. Representatives of the Air Ministry, the Home Office, and A.R.P. authorities from various parts of the country watched the experiment with keen attention. About five hundred men of the fire, ambulance, decontamination, medical and demolition services took part

DIFFICULT DAYS DOWN ON THE FARM: Men spraying apple trees to guard against the blight in a Kentish orchard. Fruit farmers all over the country are faced with heavy losses unless further substantial falls of rain come soon to supplement the showers of last week-end which were not sufficient to counter the harm done by the long continued drought. The effects of a dry spring are very seldom remedied until the following autumn

THEIR STRAW HATS DOFFED, these members of the Old Comrades Association of the London Territorial units which fought in the great war marched past the

THE ROYAL VISIT TO LANCASHIRE: An aerial view of the Manchester Town Hall extension (the quadrilateral building in the middle distance) of which King George V laid the foundation stone in July, 1934, and which was formally opened by King George VI this week in the

Nottingham Stages a Mock Air Raid: The Duke of Kent in Kent: Manchester's New Town Hall Extension

notaph in Whitehall on Thursday, May 5, er attending an open-air memorial vice held on the Horse Guards' Parade

course of his northern tour. In the background is the old Town Hall, with its clock tower, while the great circular building is the Central Library opened by King George V. In the foreground is the Midland Hotel

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: Women peering into the royal car as the Duke of Kent drove away from the Darnley Road housing estate, Rochester—one of the places he visited during the course of his Kentish tour. After Rochester had given him a welcome at Guildhall His Royal Highness went on to Canterbury to open the new buildings of the King's School, and on the same day he was in Faversham

THE DUKE OF KENT AT CANTERBURY: His Royal Highness being photographed by some of the boys as he walked through the Cloisters of King's School accompanied by the Headmaster, Canon F. J. Shirley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and (in rear) the Dean of Canterbury. The Duke's visit coincided with the completion of the school's extension scheme, and during the day he opened the new buildings which were begun in 1935. The Archbishop in welcoming the royal guest spoke of him "as a great deal more than the Duke of Kent. By his interest in the county he has become both a man of Kent and a Kentish man. It is fitting, therefore, that he should honour the oldest public school in the whole country. Their history went right back to the time of St. Augustine"

THE CZECH-GERMAN PROBLEM

Now Reaches a Critical Stage in Its Development

The Czech-German problem reaches a critical stage this week, with negotiations between the Czechoslovak Government and Herr Konrad Henlein, the German Minority Leader. In London last week-end, Herr Henlein spoke with British political and official personalities. Previously the British Government had made representations in Prague and Berlin, counselling moderation on the part of the Germans, and concessions on the part of the Czechs. In the following article our contributor explains the situation.

THE Germans of Czechoslovakia—3,500,000 out of a total population of 15,000,000—are pressing for self-government. The greater part of them, who belong to the Nazi *Sudetendeutsch Heimatfront* Party of Herr Konrad Henlein, are insisting upon radical changes in the Constitution. They demand: (1) territorial autonomy; (2) the recognition of Nazism within their own districts and (3) the dropping of the Czech Alliance with Russia in favour of a foreign policy in harmony with the foreign policy of Germany.

WHERE GERMANY AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA MEET: This area follows the frontiers of old Bohemia and was never within the German State, a fact that has a significant bearing on the present situation. In the north are the Sudetes Mountains from which the German minority group takes its name. The term Sudeten is often loosely applied

The Germans of Czechoslovakia are called "Sudeten" Germans because they are mainly concentrated on the strip running along the Czech-German frontier of North Bohemia, known as the Sudetenland. The term is somewhat misleading, however, because a large number of Czechs inhabit this predominantly German district, while there is a considerable number of Germans in the Czech majority districts of the interior of Bohemia and Moravia.

In the German districts of Bohemia there are 1,965,743 Germans and 384,116 Czechs. In the German districts of Moravia there are 434,143 Germans and 113,760 Czechs. The proportion of Czechs in these districts is 16·8 per cent. and 20·8 per cent. respectively. In the Czech districts of Bohemia the proportion of Germans is 6·1 per cent. In the Czech districts of Moravia the proportion of Germans is 12·0 per cent.

Thus it is a practical impossibility to draw internal lines of demarcation between Czech and German on the basis of local autonomies within a federated state; and this applies likewise to the case of the Hungarian and Polish minorities who are now also demanding autonomous status.

In regard to the Sudetenland, where the Germans predominate, it should be remembered that they never formed part of the population of the German Reich. They were always an integral part of the historic Kingdom of Bohemia (the old name of the territories of Bohemia-Moravia, which, with Slovakia, now constitute the modern state of Czechoslovakia); and this has been the case since they first came as colonists to this territory, where they have lived during the times when Bohemia was an independent kingdom, sometimes completely on its own, and sometimes in association with the Holy Roman German Empire; and later when Bohemia formed part of the Austrian Empire. The present frontiers of Czechoslovakia, as between the German Reich and Bohemia, correspond with the historic frontiers during the past 700 years.

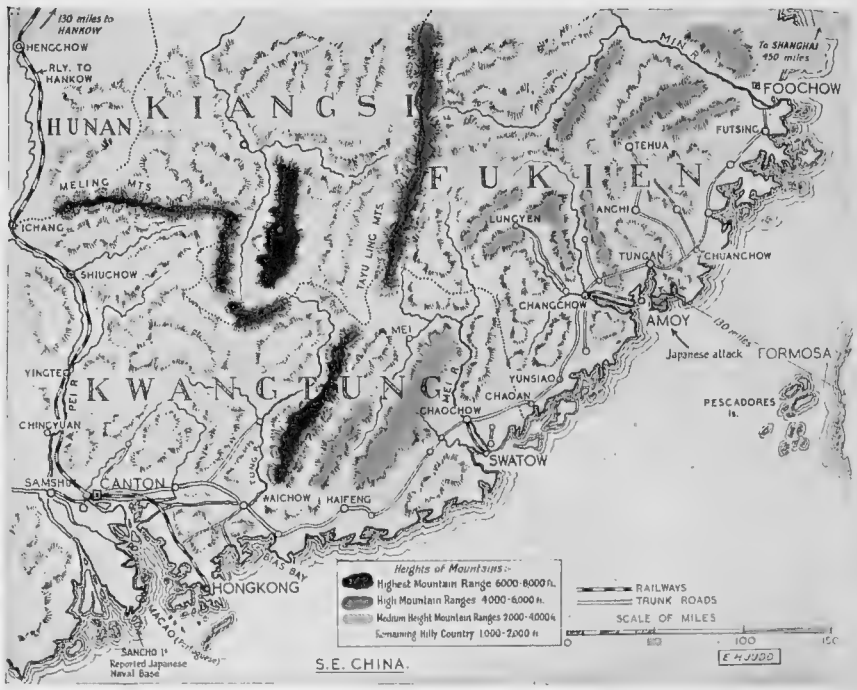
Even under the existing laws the treatment of the German minority in Czechoslovakia compares very favourably with that of the German minority in other countries, such as, for instance, Italy and Poland. They can participate in the Central Government. Locally, in their own districts, they already have a majority of seats on the councils in the districts where they are in the majority, and can decide all such questions as poor law, public health, etc.; and likewise in such districts, they have a majority on the school committees. They publish their own newspapers and can plead in their own language in all districts where they form more than twenty per cent. of the population.

The Germans, nevertheless, have grievances, which are due not to bad faith on the part of the Government at Prague, but to ungenerous interpretations of the Government's ordinances made in some instances by local minor Czech officialdom.

The main industrial life of Czechoslovakia is centred in the German-speaking districts, so that the main effect of the world economic crisis has been felt in these districts. This has provided fertile soil for German political propaganda after the advent of the Hitlerist regime in Germany, and more especially since the German annexation of Austria.

As regards the minority question itself, with mutual goodwill it could be settled amicably and equitably soon enough. The main trouble—which is rendering a reasonable solution so difficult—is to be found in the fact that fundamentally Herr Hitler is less interested in solving the German minority problem in Czechoslovakia than in using it for the purpose of realising his dream of the union of all Germans in the new National Socialist German Empire.

C. F. Melville



THE ATTACK ON AMOY: This sketch map shows the position of the Chinese treaty port which was attacked last week by the Japanese who, for the purpose, used the island of Formosa as their base. Expert observers of the situation incline to the view that it was more in the nature of a naval demonstration than anything else, as the country beyond Amoy is mountainous in the extreme and troops would have no chance of making real headway there, laying themselves open to guerilla tactics

THE CHINESE SEE-SAW:

The War Once Again Swings in the Invader's Favour

JAPANESE strategy (see THE SPHERE, May 7) begins to succeed on the Shantung battle front. Columns of Japanese troops converging from north and south have met at last and claim to have cut the Lunghai railway. Suchow, strong centre of Chinese fortifications, is said to have fallen.

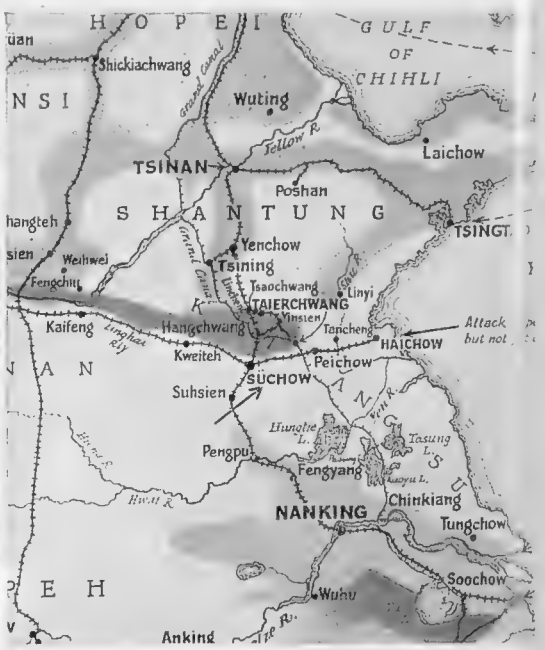
If these earliest reports have been inspired in the Japanese bulletins more by hope and faith than by actual fact, at least the indicate that Japan's strategy prospers and that the Japanese believe it is about to succeed. The Chinese, while denying that the railway is cut or Suchow taken, admit that the Japanese have made rapid and important gains. Whether or not the Lunghai railway is completely under their control, it is evident that the Japanese are near enough to it to have cut the Chinese army off from retreat westward and from its base of supplies at Hankow. This, as much as actual control of the railway junction at Suchow, has been part of Japan's steady purpose during the past four months.

The success of this plan means that 200,000 Chinese troops are isolated in Shantung and northern Kiangsu between the Japanese lines and the sea. Their one way of escape leads southwestward from Suchow towards Honan. This way, though still open, will involve terrible hardships across roadless country.

All reports agree that the Japanese have concentrated most of their mechanised forces in this area, and are pouring down upon the Chinese troops a relentless rain of shells and bombs.

Will the Chinese flee under this terror or will General Li Chung-jen be able to muster them for renewed resistance? Though Japanese strategy appears to have gained its objective the events of the past few weeks prove that the Japanese lines are vulnerable.

CAUGHT IN THE JAPANESE PINCERS MOVEMENT: General Li Chung-jen, the Chinese Commander in the Suchow area, who was reported this week to have been nearly encircled by the invaders during their successful attack on the Lunghai railway. Seen with him is a leading Chinese woman correspondent



THE PIERCING OF THE LUNGHAI RAILWAY: A sketch map showing the position of Suchow near which the Japanese armies of the north and south met last week after breaking down Chinese resistance

Once in full control of the Lunghai railway the Japanese will be able to push on to Hankow, the present headquarters of General Chiang Kai-Shek's Military Council. But the capture of Hankow will not end Chinese resistance. Last December the invaders boasted that they would storm the Chinese capital, Nanking, and so would put an end to the Chiang Kai-Shek regime. Nanking fell, but General Chiang's power increased.

So the fall of Hankow will only mean another Chinese retreat, with a lengthening Japanese line, that must be defensive as well as offensive so long as China holds out.

F. E. Dean

HOLLAND'S ROYAL CHRISTENING: Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands Taken in State by Her Parents to the Groote Kerk

A DAY OF PAGEANTRY IN THE HAGUE: The richly gilded royal coach, drawn by a team of six horses, passing through the city last week when Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands took their 3½-months-old daughter, Princess Beatrix, to be christened at the Groote Kerk, the fourteenth-century Protestant cathedral where they themselves were married in 1937. It was a day of bright sunshine, in keeping with the fair weather that has so often smiled upon the House of Orange on red-letter days, and thousands turned out to acclaim the progress of their Royal Highnesses

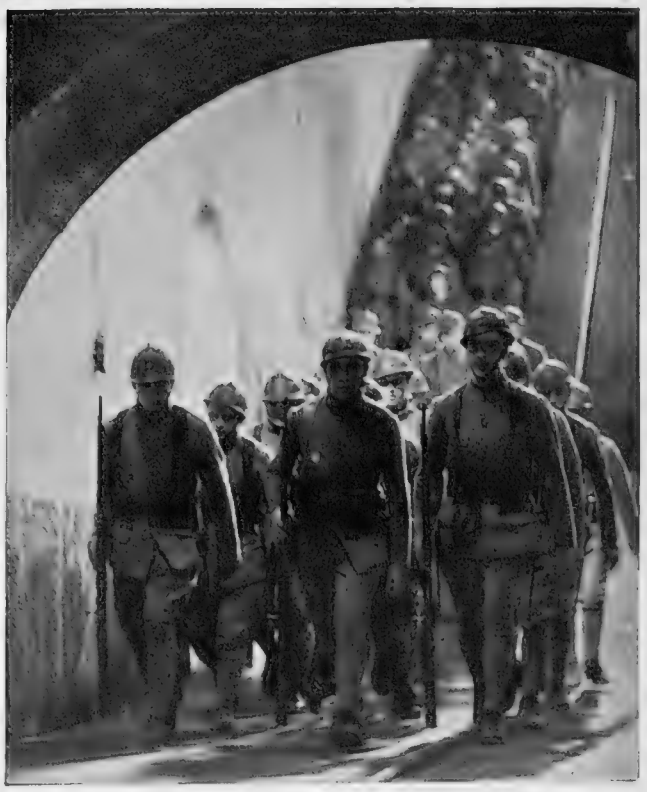
BEFORE THE FONT: Princess Juliana holding up her infant daughter, who screamed lustily the while, as veteran Dr. Welter christened her Beatrix Wilhelmina Armgard. Standing behind were Prince Bernhard, in the full dress uniform of a Guards regiment, and the King of the Belgians, who is one of the godfathers. *On left*—Princess Juliana, with Princess Beatrix in her arms, accompanied by Prince Bernhard as they drove through the streets

b

EUROPE DIGS IN

Germany Sets the Pace and a Score or More Lands Look to their Frontiers, Erecting Mighty Defences at Colossal Cost

By FERDINAND TUOHY



FRANCE'S HIDDEN, BUT FAR FROM SECRET, DEFENCES: Soldiers marching down a ramp into one of the underground galleries of the Maginot Line, that vast system of fortifications now nearing completion. This illustration is from the French film, *Double Crime on the Maginot Line*, the central character in which is a German spy who becomes an officer in the French Army

"ITALY has not yet fortified the long frontier she has with Germany. Signor Mussolini has announced that these fortifications are to be built, but they will take many months to complete," ran part of a commentary on the Führer's return from Rome, made by our highest diplomatic journalism.

The excerpt does much more than cause one to visualise the 200 miles of Alpine zigzag that the Duce now has to fortify; it conjures the astonishing spectacle currently to be witnessed from end to end of Europe, with nation upon nation—a dozen, twenty of them—digging themselves in, to use an old phrase that fits well. Since Hitler stepped out, everybody is doing it. Some, the small nations, in order to try to "keep out" altogether. Others, the larger, in hope of barring the way where their territory might be concerned. From Sweden to Tangier and from Eire to Constanza the story is one in essence.

Mussolini's work will be both long and costly if he intends to do the job, facing Germany, as thoroughly as he has at leisure done it facing France, along an almost equi-long and similar mountain frontier. And probably the Duce will have to be as thorough if he is to ease the nervousness of a host of Italians who cannot forget, despite all the banzai, that it was the Teutons who used to descend from the Alps to the sunny plains of Italy.

ANOTHER HELIGOLAND: The German island of Sylt which was recently reported to contain huge underground hangars for warplanes and an elaborate system of fortifications no foreigner is allowed to see

There must be a limit to trusting the other end of an infant Axis in this uncertain world; nor can the coming task be rendered the sweeter to Italians by the knowledge that until the other day the Duce hardly needed a gun along what used to be the Italo-Austrian frontier. He just had to threaten to appear on the Brenner or at Tarvisio, and that would be that. Incidentally, the latter is a peach of a main pass conducting from Villach direct down to the Piave country by Vittorio Veneto.

The whole of this merry and unique business of self-fortification, which makes Vauban resemble a farmhouse affair, began, of course, with the now-fabled Maginot line of which nothing more requires to be said at this hour than that Defence Chief Daladier is busily engaged in finishing it off up to Dunkirk. This extension is necessary because Belgium has gone so neutral.

When complete, the line will run "from Bale to Dunkirk," which has a familiar ring. Is it so wonderful now as it seemed when its underground marvels were first sung 7 or 8 years ago, sung much too quickly, as a matter of fact? There are foreign doubts to-day about this colossal engineering work. About its supposed rigidity, which the French deny. Perhaps more so, concerning its value in an air war. And may not other nations, notably the Germans, have improved upon the conception of those French Army engineers of the middle 'twenties?

The Reich's answer to "Maginot" is "Michel." This is composed of three intertwining fortified systems by which it is hoped to hold up any invader operating between Luxembourg and the Swiss frontier. Looking from north to south, the line of the River Sure, the Eifel highlands, the mountainous region of the Mosel river known as the Hunsrück, the Odenwald, and the Black Forest to Lörrach (a Bale suburb), all these constitute high points. And behind is a second system based on the Neckar and Main rivers, taking in the high Taunus and Wiesbaden country that we marched away from less than nine years ago.

The Germans have so far managed to keep their "Michel" lines much more secret than did the French their "Maginot" affair. All that can be said with some certainty is that the Reich's reply is a less sumptuous or permanent conception, one organised in greater depth, and reposes considerably on unimagined potential demolition in the face of an oncoming foe.

The Germans have several more fortification fish to fry. They are not worrying much about Belgium and Holland, which are, however, worrying a great deal about them. But turn to the North Sea. Heligoland has been refortified on the most modern lines. We demolished everything in 1919, and some may think that our whole bearing over this vital islet, ever since we swapped it for Zanzibar fifty years ago, has been idiotic. Further north, the flat but pleasant former bathing isle of Sylt—so near Jutland waters—has been so severely taken in hand by the Germanic fortifiers that the civilian population has been largely evacuated. I recollect last year approaching adjacent Esjberg, with quite a dozen Swastika seaplanes holding the sky.

Sylt, bang facing Newcastle, is known to have underground hangars for hundreds of aircraft.

Powerful defences are also being established on the Frisian islands of Borkum, Nordeney, and Wangeroog. And the Danes insist that another great fortified belt is being completed from Hamburg across to Lübeck on the Baltic. And again further east, for another 100 miles, to the isle of Ruegen.

Concerning what the Reich may be protectively doing on her eastern flank, facing Colonel Beck of Poland, there is discreet silence, but we know from Herr Hitler himself that thereafter, along the now greatly extended Germano - Czech border, fortifications are being built, for the Führer not long since declared he would not have to protect three of his frontiers in the south-east, implying the Hungarian, Yugoslavian, and Italian.

WHERE POLAND MEETS GERMANY: A Polish machine-gun unit engaged in exercises near the frontier

What may some of Hitler's neighbours be doing by way of answer? We know about France. For their part, Holland and Belgium, Sweden and Denmark, and Switzerland are each busily engaged on the popular military pastime of the moment, one which accounts for a goodly proportion of arms expenditure.

Holland, so rich a prize, viewed orientally, fears attack from the abounding German aerodromes all along her frontier. She is banking on a vast water defence brought about by the opening of her dykes. But she has had to organise many new batteries and permanent frontier units. Belgium abuts the Reich but for the shortest distance, yet what a fatal "pocket" of destiny that common frontier is! Liège. Moreover, Belgians have no faith that an inrush might not eventuate through Luxembourg to the south, or over flat Dutch Limburg to the north.

So Belgium has gone in actively for self-fortification. She has a special Defence and Demolition Corps in the Ardennes. She holds the mighty Eupen glacis dominating German arterial communications towards Cologne. And she has fortified the Albert Canal northwards towards Antwerp.

The Scandinavian lands are actively working out a common fortification system and their three Prime Ministers have met more than once lately. Chiefly, Denmark and Sweden contemplate strongly fortifying the so-called "gateway to the Baltic," the three-mile-wide channel constituting the entrance to the sound between the two countries.

After spending more than a year building a defensive system running from Bale to Lake Constance, Switzerland now feels obliged to extend this round to Liechtenstein and beyond. When, here, she used to face Austria, she had as good as no fortifications at all.

A second Swiss method of "digging in" is to organise veritable self-contained fortified eyries at great heights, commanding the main passes, alike into Italy and France as into Germany. For eight months in the year these passes could certainly be impenetrable. For the other four months, it is hoped that isolated, hardy and specially trained and supplied mountain garrisons could carry on.

The unfortunate, harassed Czechs have spent years digging in against their would-be absorbers of the north. Now they have to do the self-same thing all along the late Austro-Czech border to the south. The Czechs did not need any Maginot business facing the Austrians. They may now have to face invasion from no less than six different quarters: Breslau, Dresden, Munich, Nuremberg, Linz, and Vienna.

Experts think the main blow might come through the Moravian gateway, down the Oder. But the Czechs are obviously in a simply hopeless land position, anyway you look at it, and I have heard that they themselves only hope to hold out four weeks, waiting for aid. Yet a great deal of the Czech frontierlands are mountainous and thickly forested, notably facing Poland, and surprises could occur in the way of defending these positions when we bear in mind that besides the fortifications proper, there is a Bren gun to every twentieth Czech soldier.

The maze continues . . .

The Soviet is credited with organising a safety zone, in some places as great as twenty miles wide, the whole way from the Baltic to the Black Sea. One imagines that to be a little too much. What Russia is known to be doing is (a) fortifying

ONCE MORE FULLY ARMED: An aerial view of Heligoland, best known of Germany's island bases in the North Sea and, by all accounts, positively bristling with guns and other armaments these days

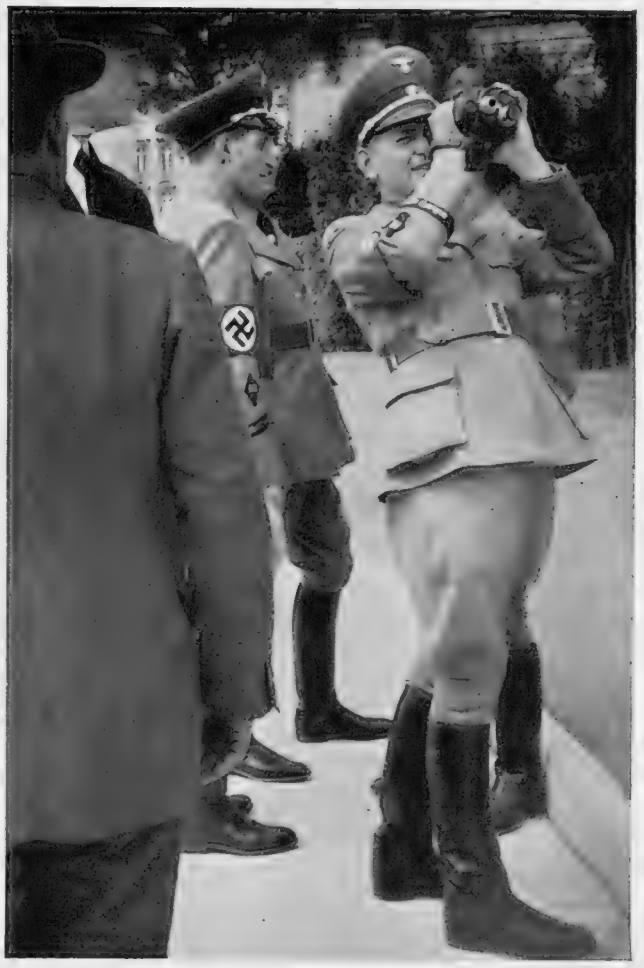
(*Continued on page 356*)

ROUND EUROPE

A Pictorial Survey of Continental Affairs

A REGIMENTED PRESS DONS ITS REGIMENTALS: It is difficult to credit that these men are journalists, but such is the case, and thus clad they accompanied Chancellor Hitler from Berlin to Rome to report his state visit for the leading papers of the Reich. With their top boots and tunics they looked smart enough, but foreign newspapermen with whom they mixed must have found it difficult to hide their feelings of surprise, for the journalist is essentially an individualist

ALL FOR LOVE: Archduke Albrecht of Habsbourg and his school teacher bride, Katherina Bocskay, pictured during their wedding at the former's home in Budapest—a union that has deeply offended Archduke Otto, the head of the family, and has caused him to expel the bridegroom from the House of Habsbourg. The Archduke Albrecht was first married in 1930, the ceremony taking place at Brighton



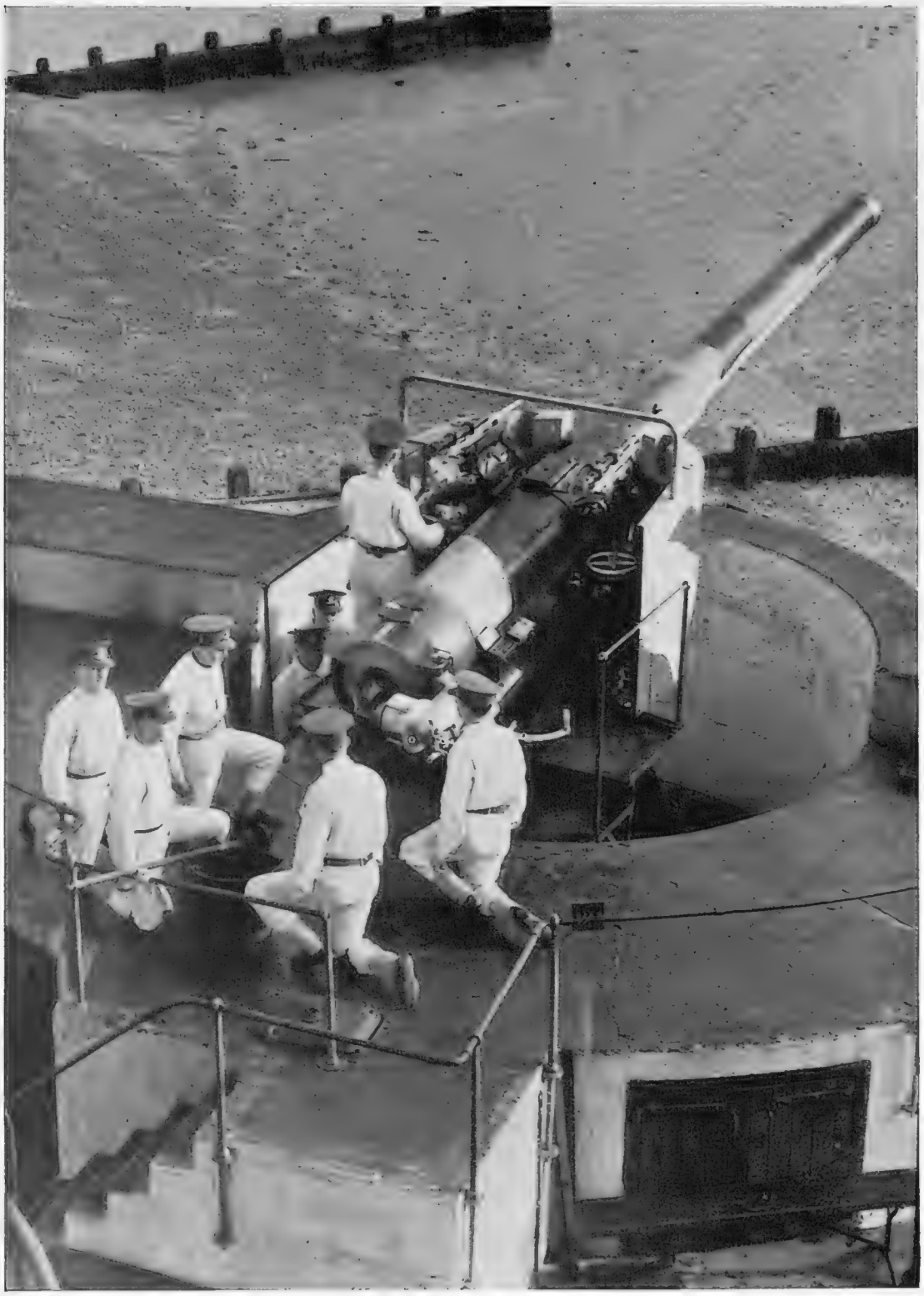
THE FOURTH ESTATE AND THE THIRD REICH: One of the uniformed German newspapermen who accompanied Herr Hitler to Rome. Needless to say, their reports of the Führer's triumphal progress were as eulogistic as they were expected to be

WHEN A CANTON GOES TO THE POLLS: Dr. Johannes Baumann, President of the Swiss Confederation, examining the medallions attached to a musician's pipe during his visit to Appenzell to take part in the elections for the local administration. The voting at these elections is conducted by a show of hands

STATESMEN MEET: M. Kamil Krofta (left), Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, M. Stoyadinovitch (centre), Premier and Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, and M. Comnen (right), Rumanian Foreign Minister, pictured at Sinaia, Rumania, where, as representatives of the Little Entente, they met the other day to discuss the mutual affairs of their respective countries

BIG GUNS OF BRITAIN'S COAST DEFENCES

First Pictures of Royal Artillerymen with the New 9.2-in. and 6-in. Guns



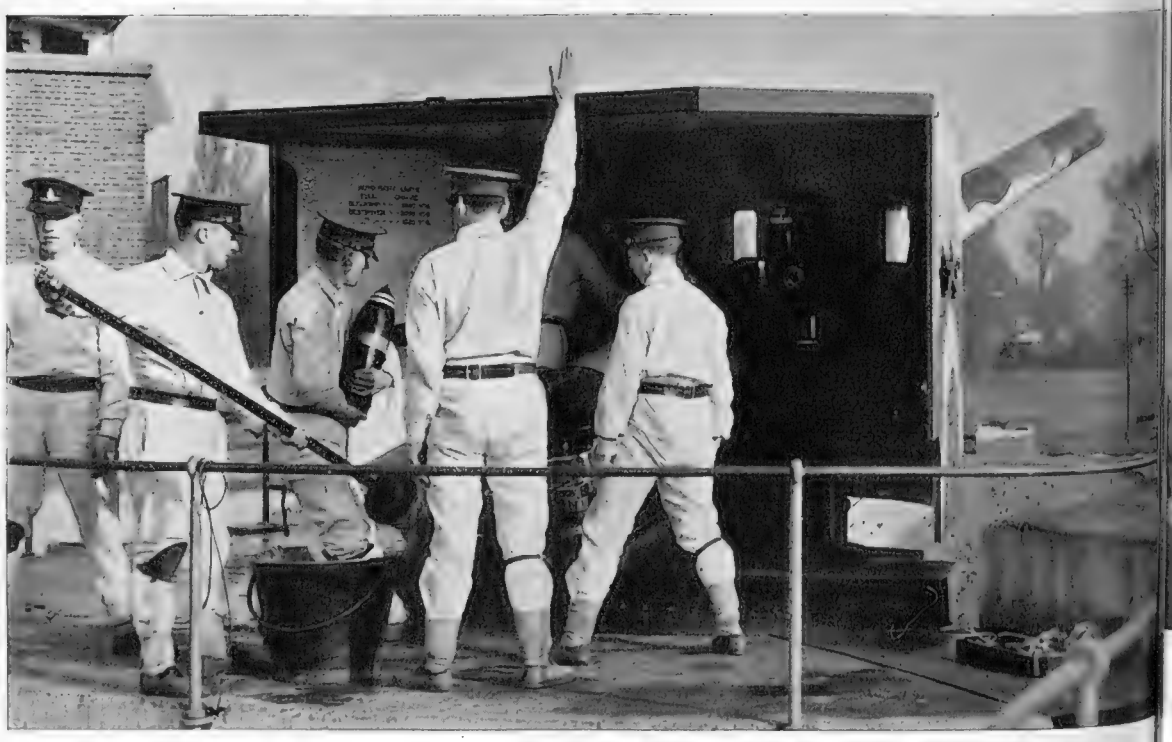
EIGHT MEN AND A GUN: Members of the crew of one of the Royal Artillery's formidable 6-inch coastal defence guns in position for firing practice. The breech is open and a man is seen with the rammer he uses for pushing home the shells, first dipping it in the water bucket that stands beside him

GUARDIAN OF ENGLAND'S SHORES: A longitudinal view of one of the new 9.2-in. coast defence guns which are being manned by the Royal Artillery and would, in time of war, provide a menacing front against all attack from the sea. The immense length of this very efficient weapon is a notable feature, as also is the camouflaging, the underside of the barrel being white in order to counter the effect of shadow

THESE pictures of our new defensive guns were taken a few days ago by A. Console at points somewhere on the coastline, and they serve to demonstrate the efficient character of the preparations to defend our shores. The batteries are manned by the Royal Artillery and, in this connection, it is interesting to recall the statement made by the Secretary of State for War in introducing the Army

(Continued above on right)

Estimates in the House of Commons on March 10 last. It was then mentioned that over 33 per cent. of the approved establishment of Royal Engineers is at present engaged in co-operating with the Royal Artillery in anti-aircraft and coast defence duties. As these duties, it was stated, were more appropriate to the Royal Artillery, it had been decided to form a separate branch of the regiment to undertake them. This was to revert in a new grouping to the old division of the Royal Artillery into two parts, thereby increasing both the specialisation and efficiency in each part. The Royal Engineers, having successfully pioneered new service, would be free once again to resume their more characteristic functions. The pictures show the Royal Artillery gunners in their white service kit serving the two types of gun here illustrated. One is a 9.2-in. of surprising length, and the other is a 6-in. coast defence gun. Both types of gun are camouflaged with white undersides to the barrels, the idea being to obviate the effect of shadow



On right—TEAM WORK: Royal Artillery men about to fire a round from one of the big guns of the coastline defensive system. While one man lifts a shell to the barrel, another prepares to ram it home, and the leader of the group, with his arm aloft, issues the necessary orders. The men wear protective pads on their right knees as a considerable amount of kneeling has to be done

ITS MIGHTY BARREL REARED ALOFT: A fore-shortened frontal impression of one of the 9.2-in. guns, which are placed at intervals along the coastline and from now on will, in accordance with the instructions of the Minister of War, be manned by a special branch of the Royal Artillery. Secrecy is being observed about the exact situation of the guns, and it is stipulated by the War Office that no mention should be made of the actual places where these special pictures were taken

A MISSION UNIQUE IN THE MODERN WORLD

Leaders of the Philippines Approach the United States With a Request For the Annulment of Their Independence

SOMETIME during this coming autumn or winter, a commission of Filipinos selected by the Assembly of the Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands will leave Manila for Washington on an extraordinary mission. It will indeed be a unique mission.

This commission, it is expected, will carry to the Congress of the United States the plea and prayer of the Filipino people to withdraw from them national independence, so willingly, one might say eagerly, granted them by the American nation. Rapidly the sentiment of the Filipinos is crystallising into the desire of not wanting to be "free" and independent. The commission is to pray the American Congress to annul what, metaphorically speaking, was the plea of the Philippine Islands to be "divorced" from the United States. The plea has already been granted by Congress, and goes into effect in 1946. In that year, the Philippine Islands would take their place among the independent nations of the world.

No little proud of their own Commonwealth, built up on American ideals since the end of the Spanish-American war under the guiding tutelage of Washington, the Filipinos are coming to the conclusion that they would prefer, none the less, to remain Americans. Possible suggestions mentioned by the Filipinos themselves include those that the Philippine Islands should acquire "dominion status" like Canada, or that they should become a "protectorate" in which the United States should have complete control of foreign affairs, tariffs, immigration, currency and public debt problems.

"That America is their bulwark of democracy, racial integrity, Christian culture, personal freedom and progress, is recognised by what is estimated to be at least 80 per cent. of the native population of the 7,000-odd Philippine Islands," the Hon. Mr. Vories McNutt told me over luncheon in Manila. "They do not want America to renounce her sovereignty over the Philippines, leaving them to the mercies of an eventual autocracy in one form or another; of military aggression, or forcible colonisation and exploitation, with resultant economic interference, if not control, on the part of some non-Christian Asiatic power—any or all of which eventualities would jeopardise the personal liberty the Filipinos have learned to enjoy.

"This majority, individually inspired by foresight, interest, or a sense of self and/or national preservation, claim to be quite satisfied that the clarion call to independence and self-determination was answered with the inauguration of the Commonwealth, and that American withdrawal would imperil, to put it mildly, all the security, economic and social advantages which America has freely lavished, and which they have graspingly accepted only to burden the nation with financial and defence responsibilities out of proportion to their resources."

Mr. McNutt told me that he himself could see no reason why, if the Filipinos decided to decline their independence, the status of the islands should not remain as it is—a Commonwealth.

PROBING THE SECRETS OF PACIFIC POLITICS: Lady Drummond-Hay, the author of the accompanying article, pictured on her arrival in Los Angeles in April following a tour of the Orient during which she has corresponded with "The Sphere", outlining important trends in the East

By

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

I had luncheon and a long talk with the American High Commissioner. He is much spoken of as a candidate for nomination on the Democratic ticket in 1940 to succeed Mr. Roosevelt for election as President of the United States. This subject was not touched upon, but I did gain the impression that he is considering the idea very seriously. The Press in the United States call Mr. McNutt the "Adonis of the Wabash." (The Wabash River is in Indiana, of which state he was Governor.) Personally, I did not find him disturbingly handsome. He is a fine figure, possesses a friendly and inspiring face, kindly eyes, pleasant and agreeable voice, a natural dignity and charm of manner that would indeed grace the White House. If I were an American voter I might vote for him for a number of more sound reasons.

I have talked with many of the rulers and great personalities of the world, and feel that if Mr. McNutt should step up to such a position, he would bring with him not only a very broad international understanding of America's foreign problems, a mind patient and painstaking with details, an understanding of and sympathy with the individual and small groups of agriculturists and industrialists, but also the quick-wittedness to manipulate the qualities of an opportunist, repartee, and if called for, the more sparkling superficialities which would popularly represent him as a 100 per cent. American politician. In other words, I believe he has the makings of a statesman plus the flexibility of a politician. Of course, no one can sound the depth or estimate the vision of a man in office until he actually holds that office, the exigencies of which will furnish the tests.

I noticed with interest how Mr. McNutt would switch from thoughtful comment on some far-flung international situation to explain very carefully to me, for instance, the views or prejudices of the small farmer or business man in the States. He gave proportionately the same importance to both questions.

America needs a statesman to-day more than she has ever done before in the course of her history. Previous to the war of 1914, the affairs of the Old World had relatively little influence on the fate of the United States. Now America is politically as close to Europe as is France to Italy, and the politician pure and simple no longer suffices at the helm of the ship of State. As far as I can see, there is at present no statesman in America capable of handling foreign affairs in these revised conditions. The tendency of America's "statesmen" is to wander off into declarations, doubtless sincere, of ideals and propaganda remote from the practical realities in the world outside the United States.

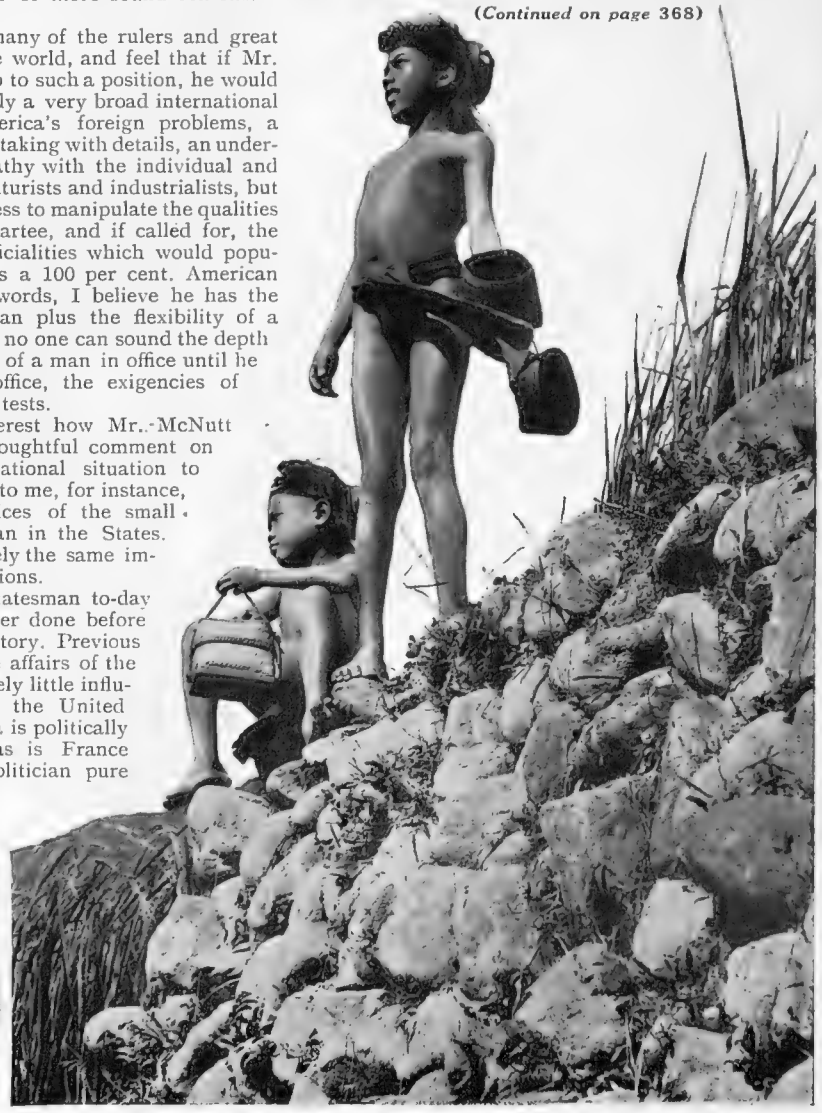
Mr. McNutt's personality interested me as well as his views, clearly and frankly expressed, for should destiny lead him to the White House in Washington, the policy he advocates of retaining American sovereignty over the Philippines is bound to touch British foreign policy in the Far East. He confirmed to me what I have heard from American authorities from Singapore to San Francisco, that there is no present consideration of American co-operation with Great Britain in the Far East. England missed her opportunity in 1931, when, following the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, Sir John Simon declined to co-operate with America, thus preparing the ground for the wars which have since ensued. Anglo-American co-operation in the Pacific may one day be possible, but not now.

However, Mr. McNutt does not ignore the question of other common Western interests, and told me "In our own economic interests, and those of world peace, America should retain her sovereignty over the Philippines, and with it, her right to participate actively, passively or diplomatically in the affairs of the Far East and Pacific. Great Britain, France, Holland, Russia and Japan have extensive interests in the same zone, and American withdrawal would definitely upset the balance of power, also accelerate the decline of Western prestige and influence in Asia."

The general impression in Manila is that the American High Commissioner's hurried trip to Washington, where he launched a nation-wide campaign for retention of sovereignty over the Philippines, after lengthy conference with President Roosevelt, was at least partly inspired by President Manuel Quezon of the Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands. This brilliant, colourful but somewhat unstable politician is undoubtedly behind the movement, and in accord with Mr. McNutt. But having been one of the leaders of Filipino independence, having attained to highest office largely on that issue, President Quezon, with his Spanish mind touched by the subtlety of thought of the Orient, is wary about publicly reversing his attitude.

"The chief opposition to American retention of sovereignty," Mr. McNutt remarked, "comes from three groups—General Emilio Aguinaldo, a delightful old gentleman with whom I am personally on very friendly terms. Then Bishop Aglipay of the Independent Church, an equally charming personality. His following? I am not sure, but would estimate around 300,000. The Sakdalista, a handful of Anarchists. The two former have raised the

(*Continued on page* 368)

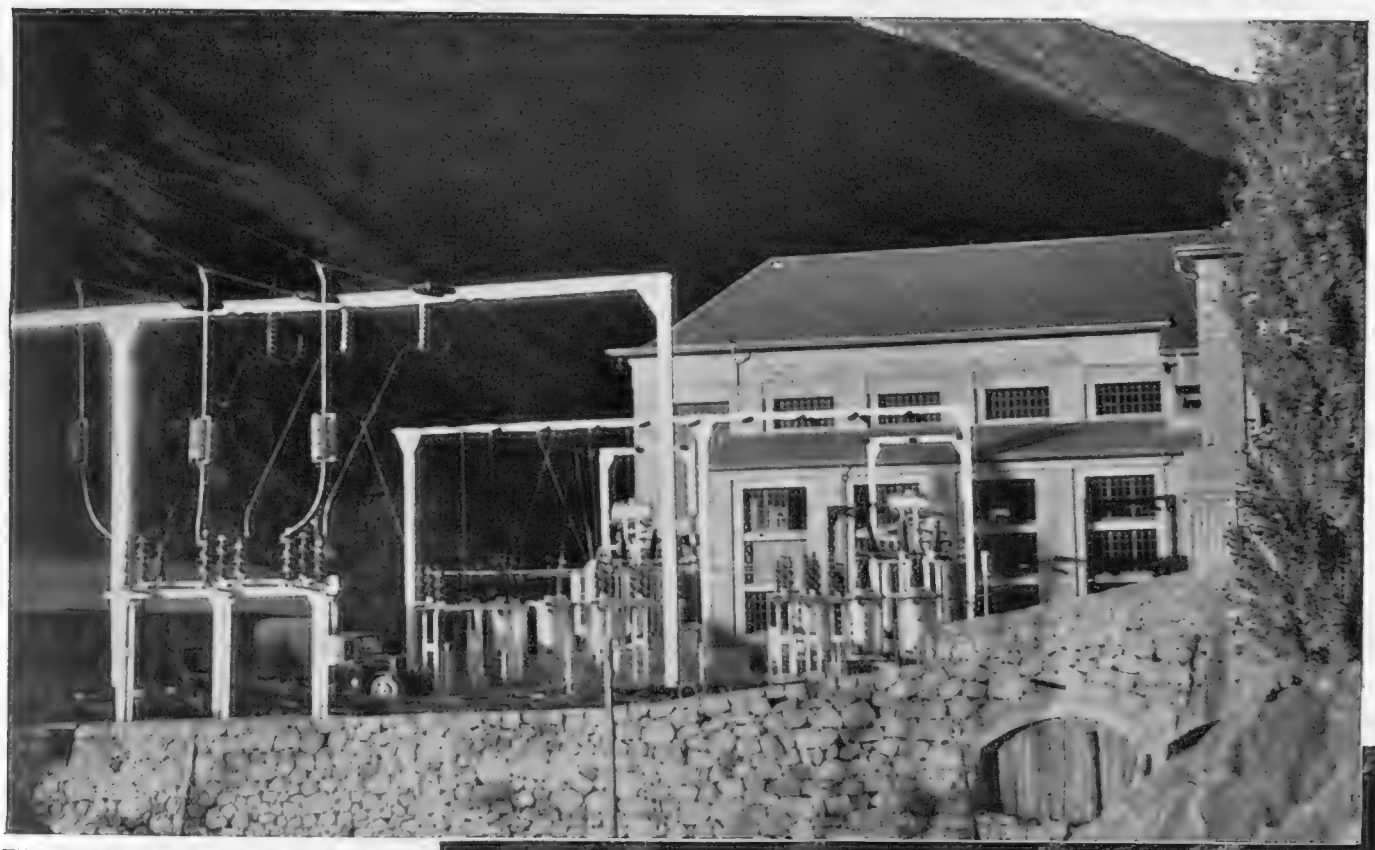


THEIR DESTINY IN THE BALANCE: *Left*—A young man of the Bagabo tribe in holiday attire and (*right*) sparsely clad Bontoc children of the Philippines, the island group which, on the eve of becoming independent, is now appealing for the continued protection of the United States

FRANCO LOOKS TOWARDS ANDORRA: The Little Republic Over which France and Spain Both Hold Watching Briefs

WHERE FRANCE AND ANDORRA MEET: A signpost on the frontier, and (*right*) a refuge for travellers journeying across the mountains to the tiny republic

A LINK WITH THE WORLD BEYOND: An engineer engaged in repairing the telephone wires between Andorra and the French town of Perpignan. Since the outbreak of the Spanish civil war, Andorra has been more cut off than ever, and it has only been through the aid of the French, who have sent in food supplies, that the people have been able to survive in their valley fastnesses. General Franco looks with disfavour on the French monopolisation of the republic's affairs, and in this connection many see trouble ahead, for Andorra, it has to be remembered, lives under the suzerainty of two co-Princes, the French President and the Spanish Bishop of Seo d'Urgell, an arrangement that has existed for 700 years or more. For some time past 400 French Gardes Mobiles, under Colonel Baulard, have been stationed in Andorra, the task of this semi-military police force being to prevent raids by the Catalans who, but for the gardes, would assuredly have played much havoc



THE GENERATING PLANT AT LAS ESCALDAS derives its power from a mountain torrent and provides distant Barcelona, the Catalan capital, with much of its electricity. For this reason, if not for any other, it is quite natural that the Spanish insurgents should look with more than passing interest towards Andorra

COAT OF ARMS ADORNING THE ANDORRAN PARLIAMENT-HOUSE: In this building the Conseil Général, or Council of Twenty-four, meets regularly to deliberate on the affairs of the diminutive republic

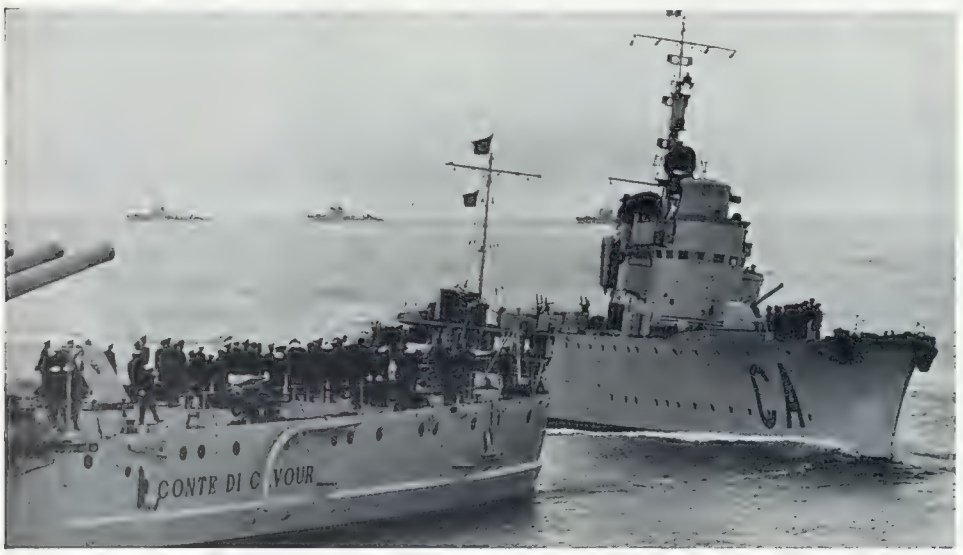
A VILLAGE IN A VALLEY: A picture that conjures up the beauty and grandeur of the Andorran scene in high summer when the towering peaks, rising almost sheer in some places, shade the country below from the scorching mid-day heat. Writing of Andorra in a recent issue of "The Sphere" Ferdinand Tuohy remarked: "Within the compass of a few swift years Andorra has careered through centuries until to-day Andorrans find themselves sucked into the maelstrom of 'Reds' and Anarchists, Insurgents and non-intervention, frontier control and shootings, and urgent talk of local fortifications"

ITALY'S NAVY AND THE NAPLES REVIEW

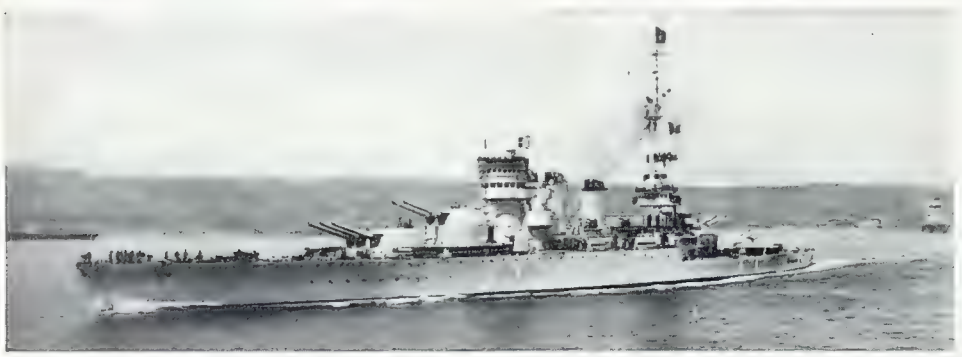
Battleships, Cruisers, Destroyers, and Submarines Engage in Exercises for Herr Hitler

MANŒUVRES IN THE CALM WATERS OF NAPLES BAY: An Italian submarine taking part in the recent elaborate naval exercises held to mark the occasion of Chancellor Hitler's visit to Italy. This craft is a unit of the Pietro Calvi class built about three years ago with a displacement of 1,965 tons and provided with two 4.7-in. guns in addition to eight big torpedo tubes

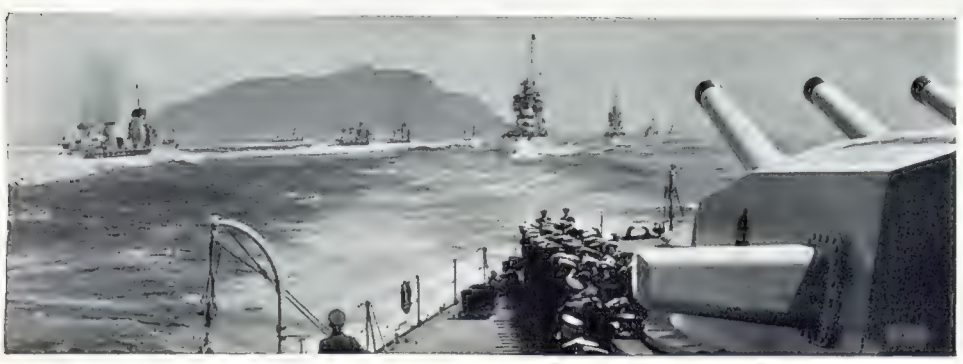
PRIDE OF THE FLEET: Some of the phenomenally fast light cruisers of the Condottieri class in single line ahead during the exercises in the presence of Herr Hitler. Italy regards these vessels as one of her finest achievements in the realm of naval shipbuilding. They were laid down as a reply to the French flotilla leaders, over which they have every advantage except in cost



CUTTING IT CLOSE: A sub-destroyer seen steaming past the stern of the flagship *Conte di Cavour* from the deck of which the German Chancellor watched the manœuvres. The Italian sub-destroyer is a vessel of about 650 tons, with an armament of three 3.9-in. guns. The type has been advocated by many for the British Navy, being deemed a potent weapon against submarines



MAJESTIC LINES: One of the 23,000-ton battleships built by Italy before the great war but now reconstructed and completely modernised at enormous cost, the whole aspect of the superstructure being changed and the interior re-fitted. *Below*—The flotilla leaders and destroyers steaming past the *Conte di Cavour*, one of the gun turrets of which is seen in the foreground



THE ROAD TO RYNANNA: Men at work on the construction of the new highway linking the town of Limerick with the Shannon airport

RYNANNA: *Eire Builds on the Shannon a Terminal Airport for the Atlantic Flying-Boats*

HUNDREDS of workmen are to be seen moving ant-wise over a stretch of low-lying land that will be converted into an aerial Southampton by the end of this decade. For months past their movements have been kept secret. Now, for the first time, details of this historic development can be made public.

Rynanna—not Foynes—is destined to become the clearing house for air traffic between the old world and the new. The site lies about ten miles north-east of Foynes, on the opposite bank of the Shannon. Here a flying-boat harbour is to be built within easy reach of an aerodrome. Passengers and mails will be able to change from flying-boat to aeroplane in the space of a few minutes after crossing the Atlantic.

Part of a promontory known as Knockbeagh Point, about 3 miles east of Rynanna, has been cleared for buildings, and preparations have been made to dig out a channel between the seaplane harbour and the aerodrome. The dredgings will be used in the construction

THE RIBBON OF CONCRETE which, when completed, will link the Shannon airport with the town of Limerick, and so with the rest of Ireland

of breakwaters. There will be a slipway, steps leading from the river to the aerodrome, hangars to accommodate the different aircraft, and there will be at least four runways. A magnificent motor road has already been laid to connect the river with the main road to Limerick.

In a few months' time it will be possible to see the general form of a great hall leading from the flying-boats to the aircraft. There will be luxurious lounges for guests and elaborate quarters are to be built for pilots and guests. The headquarters of the radio control and the meteorological station will be the most up-to-date in the world. At least £750,000 is to be spent on the scheme.

The new base will be called the Shannon airport. From this focal point will radiate air lines to England and all parts of Europe.

It should take about twenty-four hours to reach Ireland from New York. The flying-boat *Cambria* made the actual transatlantic flight from west to east in 10 hrs. 33 mins. during one of the trial flights last September. It should also be possible to reach Moscow from the Shannon in little more than sixteen hours, travelling via London, Amsterdam, Berlin and Warsaw. This estimate is based on the fastest rates scheduled to come into operation next summer on existing air routes. A passenger could, therefore, make the flight from New York to Moscow in about forty turns of the clock.

(Continued on page 356)

"NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS": The notice at the entrance to the new Shannon airport at Rynanna. Note the German cable drum, which comes from a Mannheim firm. The Reich at present supplies a large proportion of Eire's electrical needs

AT "THE ROCK": This picture of Gibraltar at night was painted by Claude Muncaster when he recently had the opportunity of going on the Fleet's Spring Cruise. The artist, who has exhibited at the Royal Academy for nearly twenty years, is keenly interested in ships and the sea and in 1933 published a book, *Rolling Round The Horn*. A number of his pictures have been publicly purchased by the Tate, Birmingham, Glasgow, Brighton, Plymouth and other galleries

MADEIRA AFTER DARK: The lights twinkling above Funchal Bay and the varied craft in the harbour provide a scene of rare enchantment

HARBOUR LIGHTS : PORTS WHERE OUR WARSHIPS CALL

Gibraltar and Madeira at Night. From the Water Colours by Claude Muncaster

A Soldier at Waterloo

WHEN I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness, which I knew could be obtained without difficulty. Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass. . . .

"It was not long before I sent for the Guinness and I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful. . . . I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From the Diary of a Cavalry Officer, June 1815, *after being severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo*

Ethel M. Richardson, "LONG FORGOTTEN DAYS." (Heath Cranton, 1928.)

NOTE.—An interesting point about this extract is that before it came to light, the earliest known reference to the export of Guinness was in 1816, the year after Waterloo. The fact that Guinness "could be obtained without difficulty" in Belgium in 1815 shows that export must actually have begun some time before this.

"SKETCHES BY BOZ"

"The chattels of Mrs. Bloss were forwarded by instalments. First there came a large hamper of Guinness's stout and an umbrella. . . ."

(*Later*)

"Married!" said Mrs. Bloss, taking the pill and a draught of Guinness — "Married! Unpossible!"

Charles Dickens, "SKETCHES BY BOZ" (1836.)

R.L.S. ON GUINNESS

"Fanny ate a whole fowl for breakfast, to say nothing of a tower of hot cakes. Belle and I floored another hen betwixt the pair of us, and I shall be no sooner done with the present amanuensing racket than I shall put myself outside a pint of Guinness. If you think this looks like dying of consumption in Apia I can only say I differ from you."

Letter dated: "*At Sea, S.S. Mariposa, Feb. 19th, '93.*" *Quoted in* "THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON," Vol. V.

Toast

"Here goes," said Tom Delancey, and sung the following lyric, of his own composition :—

"Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the hill," etc.

William Makepeace Thackeray, "BURLESQUES" (published in book form 1869).

A Moral he who runs may read
In this unique affair :—
Drink Guinness, when it's strength you need—
And get a lion's share.

G.E.776 A.

A PAGE FROM A GUINNESS SCRAP-BOOK

CHEYNE WALK AND CHELSEA OLD CHURCH: One of the series of pictures by William Ascroft, a talented artist of the last century, which have recently been acquired in dramatic circumstances by Chelsea Public Library and are now placed on temporary exhibition there

A CHELSEA *Art* DISCOVERY

William Ascroft's Crayon Drawings and Paintings of Riverside Life in the Late Nineteenth Century

Lovers of Chelsea, a part of London that, in spite of flat-building, still retains much of its old-time character, will be keenly interested in the exhibition of crayon drawings and oil paintings now being held at the Chelsea Public Library, Manresa Road, S.W.3. The collection of about 100 pictures is the work of William Ascroft who was born in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, in 1833 and lived there until his death in 1914. He was evidently fascinated in the life of the riverside and these works are, in consequence, a superb record of it as it was in the nineteenth century. The story behind the acquisition of the collection is one of unusual interest. It appears that last December Mr. Armitage Denton, the Chelsea librarian, chanced to look through a saleroom catalogue and came upon an item marked "Chalk drawings of Chelsea, the property of the late Mrs. Dyke". Searching in a retentive memory Mr. Denton recalled that Mrs. Dyke was the widow of William Ascroft, an artist who in the last century earned a considerable reputation, only to be forgotten after his death. Mr. Denton, of course, attended the sale and found, to his delight, that the pictures were indeed by Ascroft, as he had so astutely guessed. As a private bidder he obtained them for what is a mere fraction of their worth (regarding the purchase price he is reticent) and they have now been handed over to the library, constituting a wonderful addition to the records

BEFORE THEY BUILT THE EMBANKMENT: William Ascroft painted this picture of "The Old Dock, Flood Street," in 1870, and it constitutes an interesting record of the aspect of the riverside prior to the reconstruction of the whole foreshore. *Below*—"The Old Dock" from the river

"CHEYNE WALK FROM THE MAGPIE AND STUMP TO THE OLD CHURCH": Nowadays a modern block of flats occupies part of this view, but essentially it is unchanged

On left—THEN, AS NOW, THE TIDES RACED POWERFULLY IN, but in the days of Ascroft there was no granite embankment but only a more rustic timber protection against the river

LONDON'S ELITE AT SEASON'S

Some Notabilities who Went to Buckingham Palace Last Week to

ON THE STEPS OF "No. 10"

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Chamberlain, the latter a striking figure in a picture gown of lamé brocade in a rose design, about to leave their official residence to attend the first Royal Court of the season at Buckingham Palace

KENNEDYS GO TO COURT

Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy (right), wife of the new United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, with two of her children, Kathleen and Rosemary. It was their first Court

UNITED STATES

Miss Rosamond Seidel, an American debutante, entering her car with Miss Virginia Lee Howard as they left the Dorchester to be presented

HUNGARY

The Hungarian Charge d'Affaires, a striking figure in traditional costume, seen with the Hungarian Military Attache and his wife

FIRST ROYAL COURTS

Be Received by Their Majesties—Many from Overseas

BE-PLUMED AND ELEGANT

Miss Mary Fitzroy, granddaughter of the Speaker of the House of Commons, leaving for the Palace with Lady Violet Wilson. Below—A party of debutantes arriving

JAPAN

Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Ambassador, leaving his residence in Grosvenor Square in company with his wife and daughter

CHARM AND THE FIRST EMPIRE

Miss Joan Hughes, who wore a gown cut on First Empire lines, putting the finishing touches to her toilet before leaving her home in Kingston Vale for the Palace

SOUTH AFRICA

Miss Shirley Robins (left), who is a niece of the High Commissioner for South Africa, Mr. Te Water, with Miss Yvonde Botha

GLASGOW AS HOST TO THE EMPIRE

A Survey of the Great Exhibition Which Has Already Brought Over A Million Visitors to Bellahouston Park

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION is one of the outstanding examples of modern architecture in the Empire Exhibition at Bellahouston Park, Glasgow; unlike our pavilion in Paris last year which was widely criticised. The building is partly surrounded by a lake, and visitors cross by a bridge and enter an entrance hall over 80 ft. high. Four galleries lead out of this—the first contains the Fitter Britain Exhibit, with its giant mechanical man and other working models dealing with health and public health services; the second houses the Coal Exhibit; and Steel and Shipbuilding are represented in the third and fourth galleries. In the Exit Hall a steel and glass globe of the world revolves apparently unsupported in space

THERE is an old saying on Clydeside that "Glasgow made the Clyde and the Clyde made Glasgow." Similarly, to a great extent, hardy Scotsmen in days gone by laid the foundations of the British Empire, and now every corner of that world organisation, from Canada to Cape Town and from Singapore to Sierra Leone, has, in return, poured out lavishly of its boundless wealth to contribute to the success of Scotland's latest and greatest effort to reproduce a whole Empire in miniature.

Where, less than a year ago, flint implements of a prehistoric stone age were being dug up in the foundations excavated, there are now to be seen the latest wonders of twentieth-century science and industry. A marvellous achievement and 99 per cent. ready for the opening day.

Spread over the 175 acres of Glasgow's most beautiful park at Bellahouston is a modern city of Empire in miniature, with its palaces and pavilions, its wide avenues and lakes, splashing fountains and cascades.

Contrasting with the endless variety of architectural design of former exhibitions, this one shows greater harmony of collective design—modern, of course—and a harmonious colour scheme of soft pastel tints, heightened here and there by brighter colours, producing a more cheerful atmosphere than the acres of glaring white surfaces previously common.

The natural beauties and physical features of the park have been fully and cleverly utilised. The main palaces and pavilions, with the larger of the twenty restaurants, cover the level areas round the base of a beautiful wooded hill, while kiosks and booths dot the hillside and tree-lined avenues. Crowning the hilltop is a 300-ft. steel tower standing on a 3,200-ton concrete base, and provided with three balconies near the top, from which a wonderful panorama of Clydeside and 50 or 60 miles of mountain scenery beyond is obtainable. Though no natural river or brook runs through the grounds plenty of water is to be seen. Cascades rush down the slopes, splashing their way over flood-lit terraces into pools at the bottom in which graceful statuary is displayed.

To attempt to describe all the marvellous features of this £20,000,000 exhibition would require a volume.

Scotland's own share is, of course, a big one. Two large pavilions deal respectively with her past history and her present activities. In the lofty hall of the one is a 25-ft. high statue of St. Andrew. Exhibits here range from scale models of the forts which dotted the Roman wall between Clyde and Forth to replica rooms of the romantic Stuart and Jacobite periods, while valuable relics of some of Scotland's famous men are displayed.

In the blue and white entrance hall of the other pavilion is a gigantic female statue representing "Service." This building deals with modern ideas of planning—towns, transport and industry—while every aspect of educational work from kindergarten to technical college, and schemes of social and health services are demonstrated and exhibited.

The United Kingdom Government Pavilion is the most impressive architecturally of all the buildings. Leading off the golden entrance hall is a long gallery with gigantic mural paintings on the inner wall, faced by a glass front to the full height and overlooking a blue lake. Off this gallery run large bays; one dealing with the story of Coal getting; another with the manufacture of Steel—including a large illuminated model of a blast furnace; a third illustrates Shipbuilding with its intricate problems, while a fourth is concerned with the "Fitter Britain" movement. At the far end is a gigantic globe of steel and glass, apparently unsupported in space and revolving against a background of starlit sky with fleecy clouds floating across.

An immense Palace of Industry houses a very fine and instructive collection of machinery at work. Here you can see a complete flour-milling installation, looms weaving blankets and tweeds, printing presses, shoe making, the making and filling of packets of tea—a most wonderful machine—and a machine making paper bags at a rate of 1,500 a minute. A complete bakery installation is at work, while machines making confectionery, and others shooting out cigarettes at machine-gun speed, perform wonders.

The largest building of all is the Palace of Engineering—a lofty steel structure covering an area equal to Trafalgar Square. Here are shown many machines in motion, while exquisite models of famous merchant and naval ships cover the stands of shipbuilding firms. These include a 16-ft. model of the new Cunarder *552*, to be named the *Queen Elizabeth* next September. A £2,000 working model of a complete installation for making sugar from sugar cane is on one of the leading stands.

Along one side of the Dominions Avenue are great buildings representing the Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Ireland. Facing these on the other side of the Colonial Avenue are the pavilions of the numerous colonies. These all show their varied products in every form by dioramas, models and thousands of samples of fruit and farm products, mining and forestry, priceless gems and native handicraft.

One of the most spectacular features is a representation of the Victoria Falls in the Rhodesian building. Here an actual waterfall 120 ft. long rushes with deafening roar over a 14-ft. high wall of "rock" into a channel below, clouds of spray rising through the tropical vegetation on the bank.

A pavilion of agriculture, fisheries, and forestry demonstrates all forms of research work in these industries. Large pavilions exhibit arts and crafts of women of the Empire, with a fashion theatre close by. The G.P.O. has a fascinating display of wonders of the Post Office services; large concerns such as Imperial Chemical Industries, the Distillers Company and others show most interesting exhibits dealing with their own special products.

Quite distinct from anything else in the exhibition is the Highland Clachan, nestling peacefully among the trees at the foot of the hill. Chieftain's castle and crofter's cottage, village store and post office, inn and smithy cluster round the green alongside a placid loch merging into realistically painted backgrounds of mountain and loch, while a little brook splashes its way over rocky beds. Natives of the Highlands and islands spinning wool and weaving plaids, making bagpipes and cooking bannocks to the skirl of the pipes and the crooning of plaintive Gaelic songs.

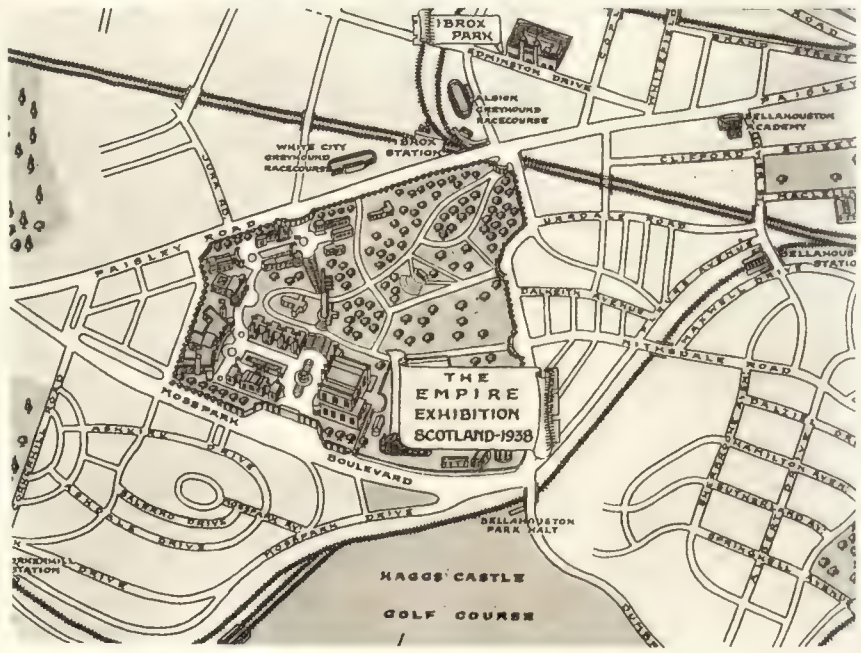
For the lighter entertainment of the millions there is an amusement park costing over £200,000, guaranteed to produce the most exciting thrills that human beings can stand.

As darkness sets in, the whole exhibition is quickly transformed into a fairyland of light and colour. All the buildings are bathed with floodlights, while the cascades and fountains are turned into scintillating rainbows of lucent liquid. Even the flags are individually floodlit.

Those people who imagine that this exhibition is little more than a glorified British Industries Fair will be pleasantly surprised at its magnificent splendour. There is something here for everyone, no matter what his or her interests and tastes may be.

Edwin H. Judd

On left—
THEY CAME IN THEIR THOUSANDS: An impression of the throng outside the Highland Clachan on a busy afternoon at the exhibition which in the first eleven days following its opening attracted over 1,000,000 visitors. The attendance last Saturday was 115,593 which was particularly good in that drizzling rain fell during the great part of the day



FOR THE SASSENACH: This detail, showing the Empire Exhibition grounds and immediate approaches, is taken from the new plan of Glasgow which has just been published by John Bartholomew and which forms an admirable guide to the visitor. The plan is in full colours and embellished with views of the principal buildings and places of interest, while a decorative border bears the coats of arms of the Dominions and Colonies

THE SCOTTISH WEMBLEY: The Great Pavilions, Occupying 175 Acres of Bellahouston Park

THE LION RAMPANT looks out across the waters of the ornamental lily pond to the Palace of Engineering, a great steel structure covering an area equal to Trafalgar Square. Here are shown many machines in motion, while exquisite models of famous merchant and naval ships cover the stands of the shipbuilding firms. Electric lighting and heating and the applications of coal and gas in the home and in industry are very adequately dealt with

BELLAHOUSTON FROM THE SKIES: An aerial impression of part of the exhibition grounds, which in all cover 175 acres, thronged with pavilions and palaces in orderly array. In the distance is the main entrance and immediately facing it an ornamental garden where bands will play throughout the period of the exhibition. Towering on the left, and just visible, is the mighty Palace of Engineering, while facing it on the right is the Australian pavilion

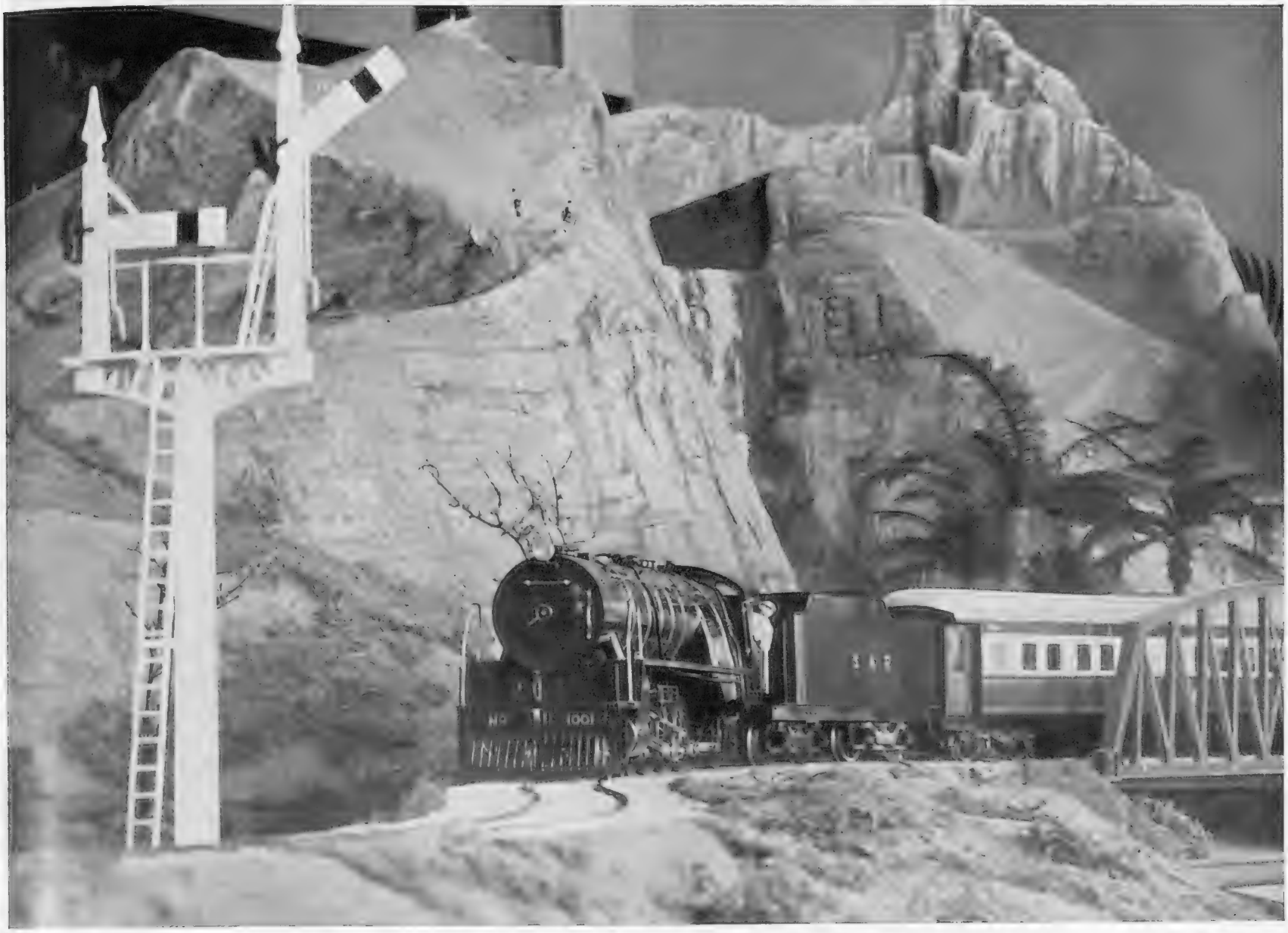
HIGHLIGHTS OF GLASGOW'S EMPIRE DISPLAY

A FLOODLIT FAIRYLAND

The enchanting play of the illuminated fountains in the lake between the Dominions and Colonial avenues is one of the great features of the Empire Exhibition during the evening hours. The floodlights, each of which can change its colour, are submerged just beneath the surface of the water

RHODESIA'S EXHIBIT

This working model of the Victoria Falls, seen above in a drawing by F. Murgatroyd and (*on right*) in a photograph, is 40 yards in width and is the outstanding attraction in the Rhodesian exhibit. Tens of thousands of gallons of real water thunder into the chasm before the beholders



This model in the South African Pavilion at the exhibition shows a train passing through the mountain region on the Cape Town to Johannesburg route which from the scenic point of view is of absorbing interest

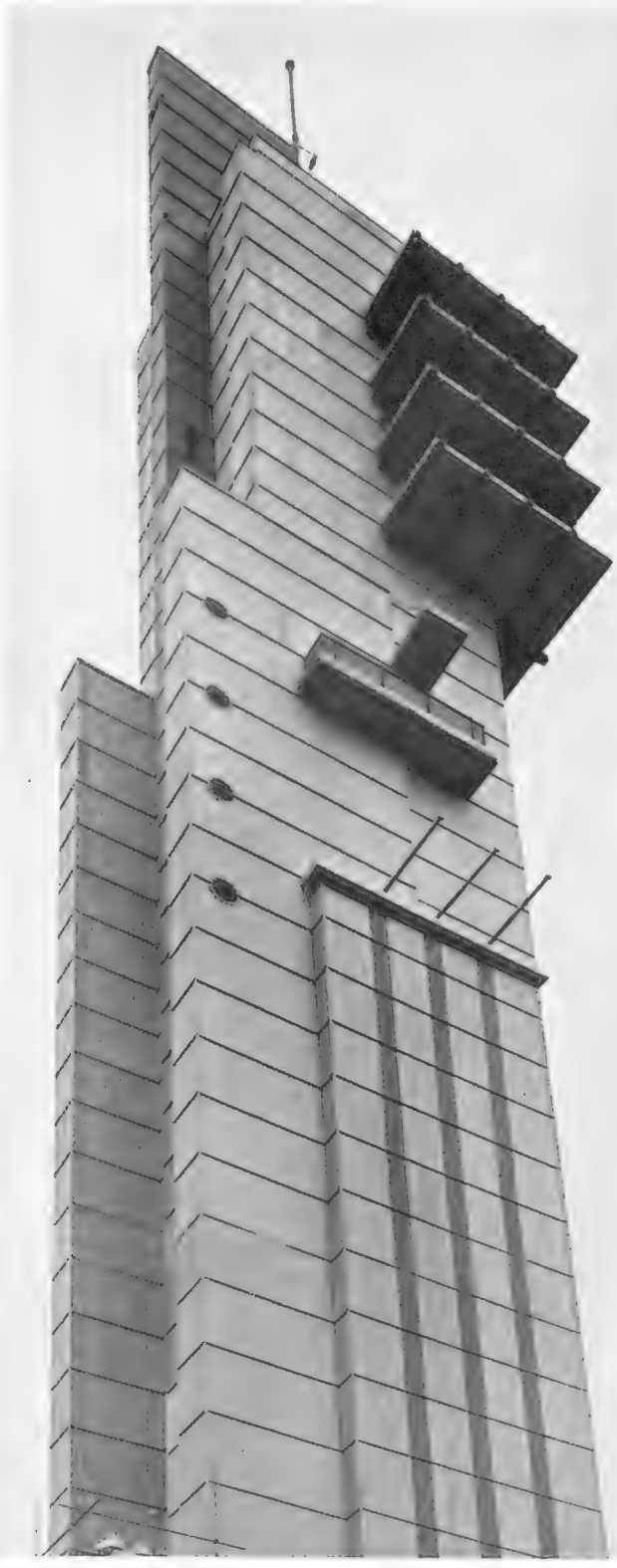
TRAVEL IN SOUTH AFRICA

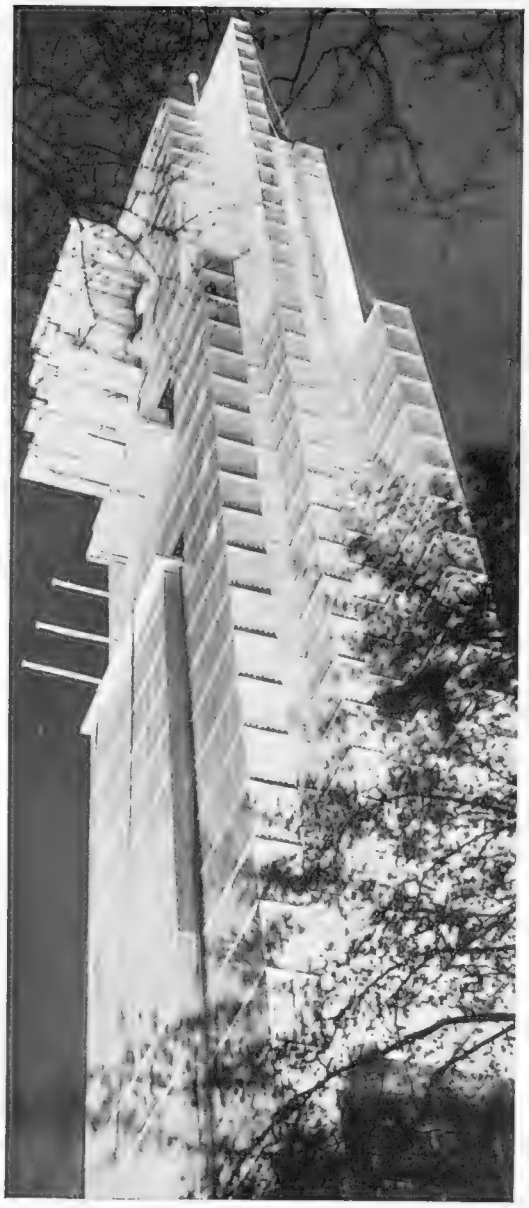
One of the cottages in the highland village which has been set up within the grounds and is undoubtedly one of the highlights of the whole exhibition. The Queen spent much time there on her inaugural visit

THE HIGHLAND CLACHAN

MODERNITY THE KEYNOTE

Unusual Architectural Aspects of the Glasgow Exhibition at Bellahouston





FOCAL POINT OF THE EXHIBITION: *On left and above*—Impressions by day and night of the 300-ft. Tower of Empire which is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable architectural features of Bellahouston Park, being regarded as a symbol of modernity. Its construction involved a number of difficult engineering problems

FANTASIA IN GLASS: A bizarre spiral ornament on a kiosk, emphasising the note of modernity that runs through the whole exhibition, this homogeneity of style being a testimony to the system of unified control in the planning of the site under the chief architect, Mr. Thomas Tait, for whose approval the work of all his collaborators was submitted. Those interested in architecture will find Bellahouston Park a place of absorbing interest, and in the coming months there will be many an eager argument on the merits of its essentially 1938 style

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OBJECTS OF DISCUSSION: Visitors to the exhibition are particularly intrigued by this semi-couchant lion which guards the British Pavilion; his expression symbolises the many difficult problems confronting him. The kitten, basking in the sunshine beneath one of the great paws, evidently found the spot much to its liking, away from the hurrying multitude. *Above*—The three towers of the Imperial Chemical Industries. They symbolise the elements, water, earth and air

ENGLAND'S CHANGING FACE: OLD THINGS GO— NEW THINGS COME

IN THE HANDS OF THE HOUSEBREAKERS: These old houses in Grosvenor Square are now in course of demolition and before long London will, as a result, have lost another charming eighteenth-century feature in the interests of modern building development. Grosvenor Square, it would seem, is going the way of Berkeley Square, where the progress of demolition has unhappily been rapid in the extreme

Drawn by Dennis Flanders

" . . . YIELDING PLACE TO NEW ": An impression of Grosvenor Square as it is to-day, showing the big building which has arisen—it includes the United States Embassy—and the old buildings on the right, which are doomed to demolition. It was in one of the latter that the Earl of Harrowby lived when Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and it was there that he opened the dispatch that told of Wellington's victory on the field of Waterloo. The Embassy building, it will be noted, follows an architectural pattern which of recent years has become increasingly familiar

On left—
UNDER THE NEW HOUSING ACT local authorities are now clearing away these quaint old cottages on the right bank of the Thames at Northfleet, near Gravesend. Most of these properties have been inhabited by sailors and many a man has settled there after serving his time in " deep water "

(Drawn by Percy Home)

DEVELOPMENTS ON ROAD AND RAIL: *Left*—One of the new footbridges for pedestrians which are being erected over the Kingston by-pass. At week-ends, when there is often a constant stream of traffic, they should prove distinct time-savers at the same time as fulfilling their function as life-savers. *Right*—Malden Manor Station, which is now in course of completion, evidences the new and modernistic style of construction which is now being employed by the Southern Railway on its system

SOME RARE FOOLING AT THE STRAND THEATRE: Incensed by the fact that Jones (Robert Flemyng) is making love to his daughter, Digby Pound (Alfred Drayton) orders him out of the house while Willoughby Pink (Robertson Hare) looks on with horror. A scene from *Banana Ridge*, the new farce by Ben Travers which is bidding fair to surpass its predecessors as a box-office attraction. Robertson Hare, as usual, is involved in an endless series of troubles

MIRTHMAKERS PAR EXCELLENCE: *Left*—Wan (played by Ben Travers, the author of the play), the Chinese servant tries to understand Pound (Alfred Drayton) who, in turn, tries to understand him. *Right*—Willoughby Pink (Robertson Hare) emerges in unconventional attire to object to Jones (Robert Flemyng) calling on his wife (Constance Lorne). Two more scenes from *Banana Ridge* which it seems, from its reception, is booked for a lengthy stay at the Strand

DRAMA

"Married Unanimously" Fails to Survive at the Phœnix: A Bull-Fight on Ice: Mr. St. John Ervine Deals with Snobs at the New: More Mozart

By. PHILIP PAGE

PLAYS about a will have a habit of taking a mighty long time to get under way. In the first act of *Married Unanimously*, which has failed to survive at the Phœnix, there was far too much talk of what had gone before, which was quite lost on the majority of the audience, who not unnaturally preferred to interest themselves in things actually happening or in things which might be going to happen. Most writers of conventional comedy—and this is a conventional comedy if ever there was one—keep in the same groove year after year. Before the war, proceedings were usually opened by a facetious footman saying to a pretty parlour-maid (with feather duster), "What! Half-past nine, and Master Charles not yet returned!"—or something of the sort. Then followed a long discussion of Master Charles's general behaviour as well as that of the rest of his family, after which the play, such as it was, started.

At the Phœnix it had to be established in the course of a seemingly interminable chat between Miss Leonora Corbett and Miss Marjorie Fielding, her lemon of a sister-in-law, that the former's deceased husband had ordained in his will that she would lose her £7,000 a year if she married again; that she was vastly generous, supporting and even housing many of her husband's relations, and that she was, being a young and attractive woman, in love with a he-man who had been farming in South Africa and was on his way home to marry her. The vicar—a human little vicar, neatly played by Mr. Ivor Barnard—dropped in to help in the establishment business and to collect subscriptions. And after about half-an-hour of this the play began.

Not at all a bad play, except that there was no element whatever of excitement or even of uncertainty about it. We knew that Miss Corbett and her he-man, being, virtually, forbidden to marry, would live together unvirtuously, and that the talk of a sealed envelope, left by the testator as a rather poor joke, would provide a happy (and, of course, conventional) ending. But ingenious use is made of the attitude of those mostly unpleasant relations, whom the author has tied up in an unpretty tangle, for after smugly accepting Miss Corbett's suggested sacrifice—she offered at first to tell her he-man to go back to South Africa, or wherever it is that rejected he-men do go—they writhe in holy horror when she lives with him "in sin," though they continue to accept her money and her hospitality. In the words of the old song, "They drink the champagne wot she sends 'em, But they never can forgive."

Miss Corbett had a long rather than a good part, but no one could have played it better, nor was it the fault of Mr. Henry Edwards that that he-man was a dullish dog. Miss Fielding's spinster was much more authentic. Mr. Wallace Douglas sketched a rather lovable young bounder in sprightly fashion. Miss Sunday Wilshin was quite charming as an Outspoken Modern Thing, and Mr. Michael Shepley played Major George Something-or-other on authentic Major George Something-or-other lines. When is this clever young actor to be allowed to play any other type of character than the Bluff Nonentity?

"The Engadine Express."—The time to produce skating entertainments in London is, of course, the summer time. However appropriate a display of ice may be to an English summer, the chances are the theatre will be warm enough for comfort, and the Coliseum, where *The Engadine Express* has followed its enormously successful predecessor, I certainly found comfortable. At another theatre not long since, a season of ice-ballet was attempted in the depths of winter and an Arctic business it proved to be in every sense, for the management, it seems, dared not heat the auditorium lest the stage should melt.

At the Coliseum it is again realised that a skating show in which there is nothing but skating would be a mistake. For skating is like your average glamorous blonde—graceful to watch but a bit of a bore after ten minutes. So in between the skating is sandwiched a sort of second act contributed by music-hall performers who are non-skaters. All three acts are linked together by a vague story about making a film which did not prove even mildly interesting, though it doubtless served its not very important purpose. So careful have the producers been to avoid too much skating, they have provided hardly enough and there is nothing in the show one half as good as Trudi Link's skating in Act III, in which she is supported by an accomplished chorus, who show white feathers only in the literal sense, for they do not shrink from feats on the ice which appeared to me to be as daring as they are graceful. Here is a Link which none of us should be missing.

On right—PUTTING BACK THE CLOCK: Roma Beaumont (second from left) with other members of the company in the Saville Theatre production of *Pelissier's Follies of 1938*, a vivacious show reminiscent of those presented by the great Harry Pelissier thirty or more years ago. Those who account themselves old stagers will, in particular, find this definitely first-rate entertainment of the lighter Saturday-night type

AT THE LONDON CASINO: Bob Lindon dancing in *Montmartre à Minuit*, Clifford Fischer's new supper show which is full of bright entertainment and, suffice it to say, is well up to the high standard set in the past

DIANNE MANNING AS "THE MERRY WIDOW OF 1938" puts rare verve into Clifford C. Fischer's new supper show at the London Casino

Of the *terra firma* turns the Chesterfields are by far the best; they are musical clowns of a very high order indeed, particularly the little bald man who plays the harmonium.

For the first time I have seen a bull-fight on ice (no slaughter or cruelty, though, everything being done decently and in order and no laws or bones broken). Most ingenious, but very much too long.

"People of Our Class."—Most of the characters in Mr. St. John Ervine's play at the New Theatre, *People of Our Class*, are busy worrying, as the title implies, whether or no they are ladies and gentlemen. If "class-conscious" were not, like "comrades", a word which is the exclusive property of Left-wing enthusiasts, who use it in a spirit of exultant pride, I would call this essentially a class-conscious play. A more important point, however, is that these are real men and women, even if some of them are snobs (and a snob can be very, very real). Mr. Ervine, who is not a snob, can write about snobs just as informatively as did the late Mr. Thackeray, who was.

With this theme is linked the revolt of the younger generation, who are here rather less revolting than usual, partly because the less important specimens are given amusing things to say and because the central figure of the play, Shena March, daughter of a retired major-general, is a wholly admirable young woman. She wanted to marry the son of one of the local tradesmen, who himself served in a chemist's shop, because she loved him, because she wanted a home of her own and children, and because she thought him far superior in every respect except birth to the young men in her own circle. The butcher to whose son she had thus become engaged found her "as tough as a bone, with a will of her own," like another daughter-in-law elect. Miss Ursula Jeans, who plays the part immaculately, is one of the few actresses I know who can make outspoken modernity and "toughness"—for that is the word—attractive. Her charm is swift and incisive and her cool grace demolishes any tendency towards the aggressive.

Since it is obvious that Shena will marry her chemist, the play, after a diverting first act with a good deal of penetrating wisdom about it, tends to become static. It is mainly occupied with the reactions of other people to the match. But they are, as I have said, for the most part real people. Mr. Nicholas Hannen is the "very pattern of a modern major-general," a bit Blimpish, of course, fussy about his bridge and his local club, elephantine in his attempts at humour. But the man lives—and scores of 'em live at Cheltenham and Southsea and Bournemouth. Mr. James Harcourt, the butcher, is a first-rate foil. His son, the chemist's assistant, was made by Mr. Bernard Lee as like—in type and manners—the aforesaid young man of his future wife's set as peas in a pod, which robbed the play to some extent of dramatic contrast, but not of truth, since there is no earthly reason why chemists' assistants should not be like that; it is a refined job, and the man who hands one a tube of aspirins or a bottle of bromo-seltzer with a sympathetic and understanding smile is not the man who slaps down fish and chips in a sheet of newspaper or empties onions into a string-bag.

Miss Mary Jerrold was motherly and wise and understanding and shrewdly humorous. Miss Anna Konstam lounged about pertly in a bathing costume and established a distinct sense of character. Only that rare comedienne, Miss Athene Seyler, seemed to be wasted.

This is not the best of Mr. Ervine's plays. But Mr. Ervine's second-best is so vastly superior to the would-be-smart unrealities which infect almost every theatre which is not occupied either with musical entertainment or the ponderous unravelling of crime.

Mozart at Covent Garden.—Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, (more familiarly, and much more conveniently, known as *Il Seraglio*) was given, last week, a smooth and delicate performance at Covent Garden, thanks largely to Sir Thomas Beecham, who estimates this work at its proper value—a light and frivolous piece for the theatre written by a man who happened to have been a genius. The libretto is a shade funnier than that of *The Magic Flute*, though that is not saying much.

I found more amusing than the German spoken dialogue the ecstatic laughter of those who, I am prepared to wager, did not understand one-twentieth part of it; if they had they would not have laughed, for it is on the whole feeble in the extreme. But your musical snob must at all costs appear to be *dans le mouvement*, and of all musical snobs your Mozart snob is the most irritating.

Owing to the great length of this dialogue, some of which might surely have been cut, and to the way Mozart has of repeating each phrase of his gay little tonic-and-dominant tunes about four times, the performance was not over until nearly midnight. There was, however, some excellent singing by Madame Erna Berger and Madame Irma Beilke, who skipped about buoyantly and blondishly. Herr Richard Tauber (his last appearance this season) was a trifle more restrained than usual.

The special interest of Operette, *Noel Coward's latest show at His Majesty's, lies in the thwarted romance of aristocratic Nigel Vaynham and the musical comedy singer. The dialogue in these passages is outstanding, and Nigel's proposal, which is couched in the following eloquent words, must surely rank high as a record of behaviourism in Edwardian days:—*

"Listen to me now—just for a minute—I love you so much that my heart aches every moment that you are not there—it aches, too, when you are there, because I want you so desperately to be my own—part of my life—for ever. I know it has all happened very quickly—too quickly to appear really reasonable. I understand everything that you've said—believe me I do—more clearly than you realise—but I'm self-centred too—and I need you so much more than you need me. If you were my wife you would have to leave everything that you've worked for—give up all your ambitions—endure a certain amount of social rebuffs from people with snobbish, common minds. You would have—later on—to run efficiently, a large house in the English country and another in London—give parties and receptions and open dreary charity bazaars—none of it would be easy and most of it you would hate—anyhow, at first. You would have children, too—I hope—and have to look after them and love them and engage nurses and governesses for them . . . And the only compensation for all this would be that I should be with you all the time—sharing everything with you and loving you . . . Perhaps it isn't enough, but it is all I have. Will you marry me?"

THE FIRST HAPPY DAYS: The heroine (Peggy Wood) and the hero (Griffith Jones) meet frequently for supper in the Strand. Their romance provides the main theme of *Operette*

THE INEVITABLE PARTING: The heroine (Peggy Wood) and the hero (Griffith Jones) meet for the last time, as it seems there is no place in the Edwardian social code for a romance such as theirs

ART on EXHIBITION and in the SALE ROOMS

THE ART OF CRAENBURCH: This family group, posed in a landscape setting, is included in the sale of the property of the Comte de Renesse to be held at Sotheby's on May 27

The Heathcote Heirlooms: "Women of France in the Eighteenth Century"

TRIPLE PORTRAITURE: Daniel Gardner's picture of the Reverend William Heathcote, Major Vincent Hawkins Gilbert, and Sir William Heathcote included in the sale of the Heathcote heirlooms from Bighton Wood, Hants, which is to take place at Christie's on May 27 by order of Archdeacon Sir Francis Heathcote and consequent upon the death of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, the Roman Catholic head of an old Hampshire family. Sir Francis settled in Canada fifty years ago and is at present Archdeacon of Vancouver. The heirlooms consist mainly of portraits of Heathcotes throughout the generations, including a portrait of the Sir Gilbert who was one of the projectors of the Bank of England in the eighteenth century. Two very important pictures among the heirlooms are the pictures by Hogarth, which have not been in the market since they were sold by Hogarth himself to Sir William Heathcote for £21 and £27 respectively. To-day they are likely to fetch sums running into four figures

"YOUNG GIRL IN PINK AND YELLOW—DIANA": This picture by Greuze has aroused much admiration at Wildenstein's Galleries, New Bond Street, where an exhibition entitled "Women of France in the Eighteenth Century" is now being held. Altogether, there are twenty-four works on view, and among the artists represented are Prud'hon, Nattier, Drouais, and Antoine Coypel

On left—"A DUBLIN CAB": A watercolour by Harry Kernoff, on view at the White Gallery, New Burlington Street, W.1, where this talented young artist has just held a one-man show of twenty-two paintings

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A Page for Women

SUMMER HEADLINES

Shell curls, flat against the sides of the head, with a heavy swathe of hair swept forward and under on the brow. Emile has designed this coiffure for the woman who does not want to wear her hair brushed up

A delightful evening phantasie—not easy to wear, but immensely chic and gay. Pink camellias, with their glossy green leaves, rest on a choux of tulle, and the colour note is deepened by the velvet ribbon tied round the throat

Up and up the hairdressers are brushing our hair, turning us into Edwardian beauties, piling loose curls above the brow. Up from the neck to the crown of the head, up flatly at the sides, as Emile does it here

WHEN London, Paris, and New York agree unanimously on any fashion point, the easiest thing for women to do is to accept it gracefully, for its success is practically assured. All three of them are crazily enthusiastic about upswept hair, very Edwardian and enthrallingly elegant, so the only thing to do is to bring out long-forgotten brushes and to learn again—if you are old enough ever to have learned it at all—the soothing technique of hair brushing. For curved combs will hold the hair in position on the top of the head, but only constant brushing will keep it sleek on its way up. After all, there is nothing in the world that can so quickly and excitingly transform any woman as a new hair style. It does wonders for one's own mental outlook, and it is pleasant for one's friends. True, it is easier to go on year after year, never letting anybody change it very drastically, but it is boring. And it is more than an even chance that you have not yet found the one coiffure that is triumphantly and perfectly yours. Even if you have, you still have to change your hair if you are going to change your clothes, for style is a complete thing. Only when it grows mixed and blurred does it become spoiled.

The essential femininity of this year's clothes completely rules out any style that is hard or careless. One cannot wear frivolous hats on a staid head, any more than one can wear an elaborately romantic picture frock with a hair setting that is unimaginative. We are going to have to take a little more trouble, but how well worth while it will be. At first you may feel that your face looks a little bleak when the hair is swept away from it, but after a few days, especially if your skin is clear and smooth and your make-up is very light, you will realise that your face too seems to have had a lift.

It having been settled that the very newest way of doing the hair is to brush it up and up, it remains necessary for somebody who is an artist in hair work to create a style that will suit each different face. Certain adaptations, modifications, or exaggerations are essential in all modes, and in anything as essentially personal as hairdressing only somebody who is sensitive to line and receptive of impressions can hope to make a success, for no woman wants to look like a model. Only when she is completely herself can she look and feel her best. One of the chief reasons why everybody is always so busy at Emile's, of 24, Conduit Street, W., is that everybody who works there is at once an artist and a technician. The artistry is abundantly transparent in the versatility of their styling, and the technical superiority is clear in the quality and permanence of their work. If you want to know if you *can* wear the new hair styles, or if you are having any difficulties, go along to them and let them give you the benefit of their advice. They will be very happy to do so, and they will know instinctively just what will suit you best.

From new coiffures to new head-dresses is but a step, so that already the most exotic flower and tulle arrangements cause no surprise. It is as well to face the fact that they are not for everybody—but if they do happen to suit a woman they are the quickest and least expensive way to elegance that can be devised. There are Balinese flower head-dresses, towering up to a point, like the one photographed on this page. And Balinese wreaths, much easier to wear, since they are made of a mass of riotously coloured blossoms carried right across the head. There are flights of butterflies in delicate filigree bands, or groups of small Mercury wings stuck in on hairpins. There are minute toques, consisting of little more than peaks of flowers worn flat on the front of the head, with matching flower fans.

And during the day there are ear-rings. Not the modest sort that have usually been considered suitable, but really large flashing jewels, the sort that one brings out for grand evening parties—if one has them. Wear emeralds with a navy blue coat or suit. Rubies with pastel colours. Sapphires with white. And the most magnificent of your diamonds with all black. It is smart to wear striking jewels this summer, even though you are also wearing flowers wherever you can pin them, and have clouds of veiling floating about your head and shoulders. Indeed, with frocks that are in themselves so youthfully simple that it is difficult to realise wherein lies their supreme sophistication, one wears the most exotic costume jewellery and completely barbaric accessories. Schiaparelli has gone pagan in her mid-season collection, fastening her jackets with jewelled beetles, making necklaces on which enamelled caterpillars and gnats disport themselves, and patterning her silks with laughing fauns.

Even hats have that same upward rush. See how the brim of this navy straw hat springs proudly from the brow, and how nothing is allowed to break its line, save only the tiny sprig of apple blossom. Lelong uses a bold navy and white print for the dress, and insets a broad sash of plain blue

FROM OPERATIC STAGE TO FILM STUDIO: In the accompanying article charming Lily Pons, one of the great singers of our day, tells of her Hollywood adventure, of the trials and thrills of screen work and of the unique atmosphere of the film colony

"SCREENING THE LILY"

Lily Pons, World Renowned Operatic Singer, Tells the Story of Her Hollywood Adventure

I WALKED into the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, one morning. Carpenters were banging away on the stage; electricians were shouting instructions, and dropping tools; an orchestra was booming somewhere, almost drowned by tenors, bassos, sopranos and contraltos, attacking arias, all over the place. I looked round dreamily. It was all so peaceful!

Perhaps I'd better explain that I'd just returned from Hollywood, and the making of my picture *I Dream too Much*. The statement sounds a little mild for the drudgery, the sheer hard work, and the painful labouring for concentration that is movie making. But I loved it, and I was looking forward to the screening of my next picture the following summer with eager anticipation.

Frankly though, Hollywood was a revelation to me in more ways than one. It is a fascinating, frightening round of bustle, excitement, of painstaking care—all turned on the capturing of a story on a little can of film. It is a long, hard grind of exhausting work, of hours spent in achieving perfection and exactness.

The story of my Hollywood experiences properly begins in the little provincial opera house in Alsace-Lorraine, in which I made my operatic debut. You know, even opera stars are sometimes movie crazy, and I often dreamed of the day when I might make a picture. Besides, I like doing new things, modern things, and a motion picture is about the most modern thing I know of, short of the stratosphere balloon. I've been up in the air so often that there's no need to try the balloon. At any rate, I thought the movies were "swell."

Film offers, many of them, were made me after my debut in *Lucia* at the Metropolitan. I wanted very badly to accept them, but concert and operatic contracts which required me to go to Europe in the spring, and South America in the summer, had already been arranged. The European music season is, of course, in the spring, and that of South America in the summer.

It was, then, some time before I was able to make a picture. No sooner had I cleared up existing engagements in New York than I was bustled off to Hollywood, the glamorous, with much of the ceremony attendant on launching a battleship.

"Ah," I said to myself, settling back in my seat and ignoring the Jersey landscape sliding past, "I am now going to be a Hollywood glamour girl—I will leave behind me in that famous city a silver trail of pleasure."

As the Americans say, "Oh, yeah?" I worked harder than I ever worked in my life; I stood more heat and physical torture than I ever expected to have in a lifetime; and I had a great deal less social life than I would have had in a busy opera season in New York, but I loved it!

The reception committee which greeted me in Hollywood — photographers, studio representatives, and the rest—handed me over to the man delegated by RKO to show me round. Up and down Hollywood we went, seeing all there was to see. I saw so many new houses that I longed to see just one rickety old French farmhouse; not that I dislike modern things, but I longed to see something that looked lived in. Then we moved over to the "sets."

It was really wonderful. I found myself walking among Chinese villages, New York skyscrapers, war-torn trenches, sections of ocean liners, and so many, many different things. Towering over them all were tremendous spotlights, huge cameras, and cranes, and all sorts of involved mechanisms I had never even dreamt of before. "It is so thrilling," I gurgled to my escort. It wasn't until a few days later when I was called for work that I understood his pitying smile.

I remember now the excitement that filled me as I arrived at the studio. "I am going to be a movie star"—over and over it went through my head. That was the last thing that went through my head, I think, except a tremendous desire for rest, rest, and more rest. Without any attempt to ease me into the work, I was plunged into a trying schedule starting at six in the morning, and winding up whenever the director was satisfied, which might be nine or ten o'clock at night.

I think here might be the proper time to put in a word for the technical crews which assisted on my picture. They worked every bit as long as the actors and directors, and oftentimes a great deal longer. They had to set their cameras and lights before we arrived on the set. They showed infinite patience with me in my deep, deep, ignorance of almost everything about picture making. Everyone around me in fact, director, innumerable assistant directors, cameramen, sound men, everyone was so kind about explaining things.

First in my Hollywood memoirs comes that horror of horrors—those test shots. Under glaring lights I simpered and smiled, I frowned and I grimaced, I glared and I cried, while the cameraman sought the best way of getting the shot. I turned half-profile, quarter-profile, full-profile, and I believe also, no profile, as they tried to find the soul in my face. Over and over again they shot me, on my back, on my stomach, leaning over a book-case, hanging out of a window. Counting them up later, I catalogued about 121 poses in which I was shot in those lovely test shots.

As a rest from the tests, I dashed to gown fittings and to story conferences. The story followed in general outline the history of my own career, telling, as it does, about a young girl from the French provinces who goes to Paris and discovers she has a voice and makes a name for herself; it was a lot of fun being helpful and making suggestions. I was, however, occasionally taken back when some suggestions I offered, which had taken place in my own life, were rejected as "fantastic."

The gown fittings were another story. Tedious as it is, standing for hours, having pins stuck here and there, it was a lot of real fun. I have always designed my own clothes, and assisted Soladges, one of the greatest Parisian designers, in creating my operatic costumes. Robert Newman, RKO designer, and I, got together over my costumes, and if he enjoyed it as much as I did, he'll remember it a long time.

By now I began to think that I was making an epic; all preparation and no picture, but we finally began to shoot the picture. Each day I was up at 6.30 in order to be ready for the make-up man, who arrived at my dressing room on the stroke of 8.0. When I first saw him he moved round and round me until I was dizzy following him. Then with an "Off with her head!" gesture I was told I had to get a new, a shorter haircut, my nail polish must be changed, I must wear false eyelashes—all these so I could photograph better. And then he went to work on me with grease paint and cosmetics. "Lighting," he explained, as I felt it grow heavier and heavier.

Then on to the set, and I thought it was glamorous! If you still think it is, what do you think of this? How would you like to stand for hours under a broiling Californian sun, loaded down with grease paint, and sizzling under a battery of Kleig lights? How would you like to sing for five hours continuously while they recorded the "Bell Song" from "Lakme," as I did when the director, and Alberti, my teacher and discoverer, repeated the recording fifty times until they were satisfied? If that's glamour, I'll take a cheese sandwich. Day by day I learned more and more about moving-picture work, but it meant endless repetition in the blazing sun, wearing elaborate costumes, and still I liked it.

I began to see how every detail must be watched, as it can never be watched in the opera. An insignificant gesture of the wrist, a twist of the mouth, the raising of an eyebrow, each of these is cruelly caught by the camera, and retained. So I had to be letter perfect in all I did.

Nearly halfway through the picture, serious doubts arose in my mind as to the wisdom of going on with it. The long hard hours under the Kleig lights with the temperature at 118 degrees was wearing me down physically. Normally I weigh only 104 pounds, and I could ill-afford to lose the six pounds which I dropped during the first week of work. My voice, too, gave me cause for thought, until I found that the long arduous work of singing seemed to make it grow stronger and clearer as the work went on.

Night after night, however, when work was finished, I crept home to go to bed. So did most of the others in the cast, and those concerned with the production. That was the only place we were able to go to. Oh, that giddy Hollywood social life!

Only between pictures can Hollywood folk relax and rest and live a normal social existence. And I might say film players have my profound respect and affection. They are more serious, more intent upon their artistic success than are opera and concert stars. And they are extremely kind and helpful in introducing a newcomer to the technique of an entirely new medium of expression.

Finally the picture was completed. It is very difficult to tell the feeling when you know it is finished—a sort of glorious relaxation, a trembly feeling of hope, and the knowledge that come what may, you can sleep till 12 o'clock from now on.

PILLARS OF THE SCREEN: Raymond Griffith, Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., pictured together at a recent party in Hollywood

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 3

Bearing the boxwood badge of the Clan Chattan the MacPhersons of Cluny are the most famous of all the septs belonging to that particular clan. According to tradition a certain MacPherson rescued a King of Scots when on a hunting expedition in the Highlands from an infuriated stag. For this service the King conferred upon him the privilege of blending the red of the Stewart tartan with the grey Macpherson. Since 1829 this old clan tartan—the "grey plaid of Badenoch or Cluny" has been reduced to a hunting tartan, while in the modern dress tartan the grey ground has been replaced by white. The MacPhersons were the victors in the famous clan battle of the North Inch of Perth against the Davidsons in 1396. It was on this occasion that they are supposed to have received from a fairy piper the famous Black Chanter on the preservation of which the fortunes of the Clan are supposed to depend.

IT'S GOOD IT'S GILBEY'S

Gilbey's
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
10 YEARS OLD

"DISORDERLY CARAVAN" is the rather intriguing title of Josephine Kamm's novel, which has just been published by Messrs. Harrap. It is her second book

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

CHARLES GRAVES "DISCOVERS" SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER

An Author with a Lively Eye for the Most Attractive Sights, Sounds, and Scenes: Humbert Wolfe's Sentimental Journey through the Oxford Years

By VERNON FANE

ONE of the minor pleasures of life is reading descriptions of places and scenes familiar to oneself. Even the severely practical *Baedeker* can be positively romantic when taken as a refresher to the memory of things past.

There happens to be no Swiss Canton which I do not know, and very few I have not seen in the best time of all, the summer. In summer in the Alps you can always catch up with the spring if you know just where to look for it—and have you ever seen a Swiss meadow in spring? In the autumn, too, where wild crocuses blow where the spring flowers were and the mountain sides are ablaze with deciduous flame.

So I was glad to find the name of Mr. Charles Graves on a book called **SWISS SUMMER** (Nicholson. 10s. 6d.), for Mr. Graves has a lively eye for the most attractive of sights, sounds, and scenes, and is the ideal companion on a motor tour. He found all sorts of lovely things in the course of a trip covering most of Switzerland; he even found the birthplace of the famous M. Ritz, and, fortified with a letter from the Swiss Minister in London, he makes the remarkable discovery that the natives of the country combine "the thoroughness of the Germans, the flair of the French, and the romantic gaiety of the Italians."

He even finds food—and particularly cheese—and wine which he can extol with all the gastronomic enthusiasm of an impartial praiser of the Guide Michelin, and the Club des Sans Clubs, concerning the rival merits of which no two persons can be found to agree. Mr. Graves enjoyed his Swiss summer, and I have enjoyed his book, which I sincerely hope will be read by thousands who ought to know what a paradise Switzerland can be when the winter sports resorts have shed their last old school tie.

Nor does the tyro at foreign motor travel need to be scared of the famous Swiss passes. Mr. Graves makes the most of them, but not so very long ago I made a day trip from Feldkirch to Grenoble, passing Liechtenstein and Chur, the two passes to Brigue, where I lunched, and had an excellent dinner at Chambéry.

There was a young lad named Umberto Wolff, who was quite a bright lad at school in Bradford; bright enough, indeed, to be considered a fit subject to sit for an Oxford scholarship. In **THE UPWARD ANGUISH** (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), Mr. Humbert Wolfe describes how this seventeen-year-old boarded the train, and settled down in a corner to write a piece entitled *To a Poet Scorned*. He was showing off, of course; and what more natural in that mood than that he should have recited to himself? In the corner opposite there was a business man reading *The Bradford Observer*, who was able to deduce from this performance that he was young Boogs Wolff, and that he was going to Oxford; and, with that mixture of geniality and bluntness which characterises the natives of Bradford, proceeded to give the incipient scholar some good advice. "Well, then, young Boogs," he said, "don't give yourself away. Sell yourself."

Young Wolfe saw at a glance that this was mean, commercial advice, but could find no answer. The man went on: "You're clever enoof, they say. It's being a Bradford Jew, and thinking yourself a nob. Nay," he said, seeing a movement of wounded pride, "ah'm not meaning to offend you. Just warn you to go slow-like."

The advice was sound, but quickly forgotten in the ensuing encounter, on a change of trains, with some public school boys who were, to him, legendary figures. In his enthusiasm he offered them some sticky Banbury cakes, and in the resulting humiliation he learned his first Oxford lesson.

Naturally he was elated, but not surprised, to find his name on the top of the scholarship lists; and when he entered Wadham College there was a whole new world at his feet. The scholar never seems properly to have orientated his awe of that easy assumption of privilege represented by those legendary public school persons in the train. He was clever; he knew just how much cleverer than most of them; but he had to learn some painful lessons before he could fit with any degree of comfort into the pattern of life at Oxford. It is true that in a fit of Maccabean rage he triumphed over a gang of hearties who came to rag and wreck his rooms; but it was not only from the sinewy morons that he had to learn to endure. No less a person than James Elroy Flecker could, and did, inflict a deeper and more subtle blow to his bouncing pride.

Flecker may be forgiven much, if not all, for the poet he was; and the scholar's formative years may be argued to be the richer for this encounter.

The author of this book, who is a distinguished civil servant as well as a poet and man of letters, has his own reasons for the recording of this sentimental journey through the Oxford years. There is a pleasant candour in the method with which he portrays the young Umberto surveying the unknown, arriving at Oxford, standing upon the peak, not silent, but reciting to himself "To a Poet Scorned."

Any man skilled in letters could have written this story, and may have pointed its effects with a pen practised in retrospective observation. But it required something deeper, something sprung from an unflinching integrity to have softened the more tiresome edges of the complexes, to have avoided the patronage of mellowness, and to have succeeded in revealing a likeable and lovable personality.

The *vox humana* is always the most difficult stop in all such recitals, and when this writer reflects that Oxford (unlike Cambridge) is notoriously as comfortable a place for a poet as a bed of nettles, the critical hat comes right off, not only to the man of letters, but to the man.

The Master of the Temple has chosen to call his autobiography (which is perhaps less of an autobiography than a blend of recollection and reflection) **LOOKING FORWARD** (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). The title is aptly chosen, for in every mood where the author summons up remembrance of things past he still is looking forward to those principles which have guided his life.

Canon Anson's voice is known to millions of listeners, and his sympathetic and very human addresses are in the same tone in this volume. He came of remarkable parents. His father was a canon of Windsor, and his uncle was private secretary to the Prince Consort. He was one of fourteen children, and his mother lived to the great age of ninety-two, saw eleven children alive, all over fifty, with no death among them for fifty years, none of whom had a serious illness after infancy until they were sixty-five. This remarkable woman, moreover, taught each of her children "some Latin, French and Italian," superintended their wardrobes, managed a large household, wrote to each child once a week, and, during her thirty-three years of widowhood, interested herself in politics, modern religious movements, and in all the social life of Windsor, where she lived until her death in 1918.

So Canon Anson's life ranged from the small parish of Sudbury, where he was born, to Windsor, to school at Clifton and afterwards to Oxford, where he was to come in contact with such remarkable men as Gore, Scott Holland, Stewart Headlam and the present Archbishop of Canterbury. While he was there the Lux Mundi controversy was raging, and its reverberations were very much felt in the theological college at Cuddesdon to which he proceeded.

His first curacy was at St. Pancras; and, with a brief interval as chaplain to the Bishop of St. Albans, he graduated to his first parish incumbency—that of Whitton-cum-Thurleston. After three years in that parish he answered a call for younger clergy to offer themselves for five years' service abroad, and in due course sailed for New Zealand. From there he returned home to take a living in a Manchester suburb, during which period he became deeply concerned with the work of the Christian Social Union, which was not, as one can imagine, without its difficulties in the war years.

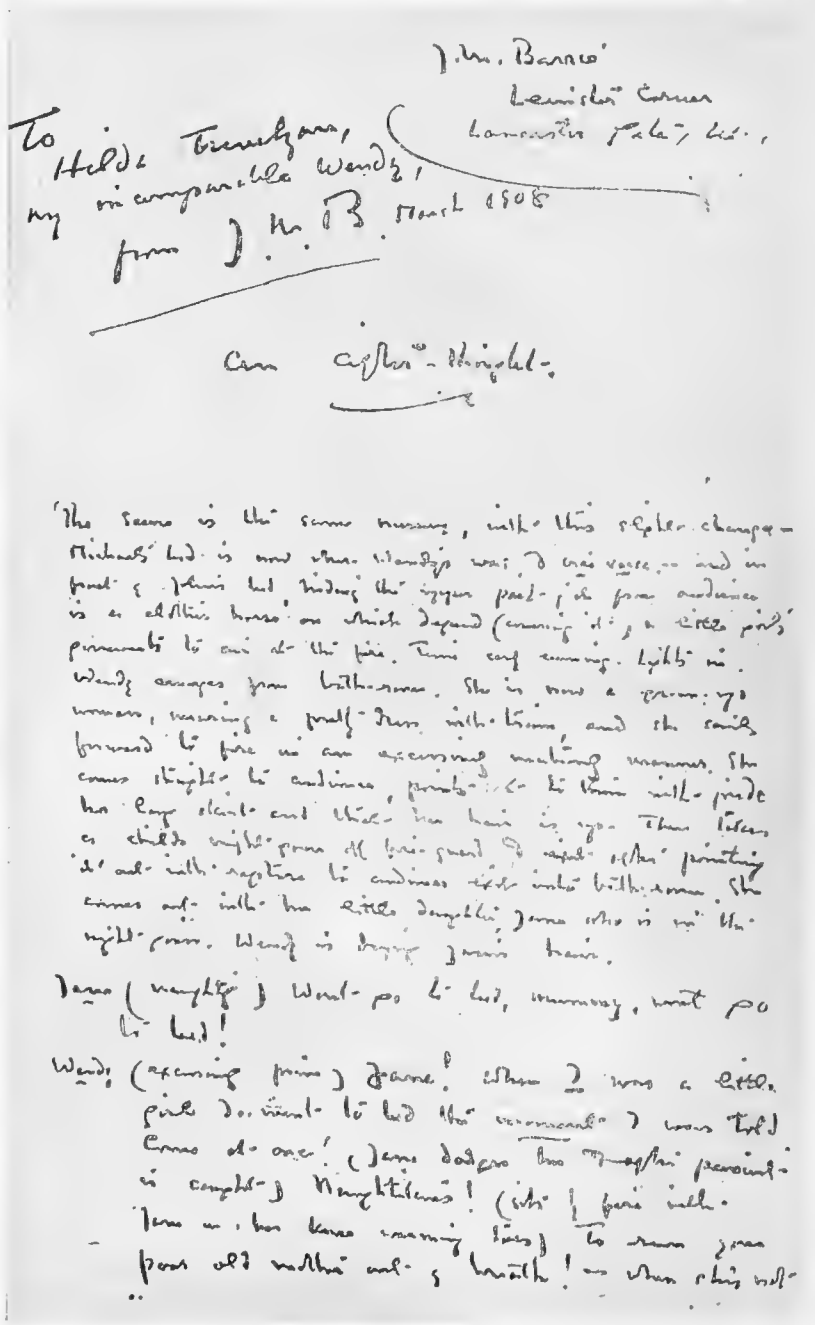
While in the same living he became associated with the Guild of Health, in the course of which he first came in contact with Dick Sheppard, who became his fast friend and helper in his subsequent work at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Hereabouts in his story we see how much of Canon Anson's life has been devoted to the cause of spiritual healing, and we may mark his reflections on the dangers which lie in the doctrine of the propagation of health as a gospel.

In the course of a long life the author has inspired and enjoyed many friendships, and in this book there is a particularly touching and deep appreciation of those two great churchmen, Dick Sheppard and Percy Dearmer.

Yet this volume is not only a record of broad-minded beliefs, tolerantly held, of an understanding of to-day's problems, and particularly of those of the young, but it also contains a fund of good anecdote, of good stories and a picture of a more spacious, and in many ways more pleasant, past.

(*Continued on page* 356)



A BARRIE FRAGMENT IN THE SALE ROOM: The opening page of the autographed manuscript of the one-act play which the great dramatist entitled *An After-Thought* and wrote as an epilogue to *Peter Pan*, inscribing it to "Hilda Trevelyan, my incomparable Wendy." It is the property of Mrs. Sydney Blow (Hilda Trevelyan), and is to be put up for auction at Sotheby's on Tuesday of next week

This England . . .

Whitby Moors, at Devil's Elbow—Saltersgate, Yorks

IN 1828, or thereabouts, a great "health and fitness" campaign swept over England. Gymnasia sprang up everywhere, and the talk was all of parallel bars, vaulting-horses, and other new instruments of bodily reform. A correspondent of the day wrote: "The improvement which gentlemen who practice these exercises experience in health is very considerable, and altogether wonderful in several who have entered in a feeble or sickly state. The exercises are not attended with danger . . . I have not seen a single accident." But in due course men found (as they are finding to-day) that health may not be maintained by exercise alone—there must be fitting nourishment therewith. Found, too, that there was both food and refreshment in their Worthington—as easily-digested and heartening then, as now.

. . . by Worthington

DESIGNER AND OWNER: Mrs. Joseph Mackie with her exceptionally graceful and attractive two-seater Daimler made to her own specification. It was supplied to her by Messrs. Stratstone, Ltd., of Pall Mall, S.W.

HOW NOT TO BUILD A ROAD

A Trip Along the Guildford By-pass Will Answer the Question

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

HAVING recently changed my residence, I now drive daily on the Guildford by-pass, which has much to commend it and which, at the same time, is a glaring example of how not to make a modern highway. I remember when it was opened the then Minister of Transport declared that he had never before seen a more beautiful by-pass from the scenic point of view. I thoroughly agree that it is built amidst some of the finest Surrey scenery and as a result it is really most pleasant to drive along. The surface is definitely good and the width, taking into consideration the traffic that I find on it, is sufficient, but at week-ends I expect that double carriageways are almost necessary.

I cannot definitely remember when the by-pass was opened, but I should think it was about five years ago, a time when every county surveyor in the country must have known about super-elevation on bends, and I think I am right in saying that even in Surrey corners were being banked on other roads while the by-pass was being built. On the latter I cannot find a solitary bend which has any apparent super-elevation. On the contrary, much to my discomfort I have come across corners which appear to be banked the wrong way. I have looked fairly carefully to see if there was any reason for this peculiarity, but where this fault is most noticeable the road seems to have been laid on undisturbed soil, so that there would not appear to be any necessity to wait for that settling down process which might provide an excuse where a bend or corner was constructed on made up ground.

Then again, I doubt if there is any other by-pass in the country that has such an abundance of twists and turns. Some of these appear to be quite necessary in order to ease the natural gradient, but the majority seem to exist because it must have appeared to someone in authority that a straight road must always be avoided. This strange outlook of the average English surveyor is very difficult to comprehend.

I remember well when serving with the forces at Kantara on the Suez Canal that the roads laid out by the engineers on the flat desert sands were invariably a series of twists and bends. This to me was proof positive that the average Britisher when requested to lay down a road refuses to make it straight unless conditions, over which he has no control, force him to do so. We all like a nice twisty lane if we want a pleasant quiet slow drive, and in England we are fortunate in finding such minor roads in abundance in every district, but when a by-pass is specially built so that motor traffic may travel along it at the greatest possible speed with the maximum of safety then corners are not desirable.

The entry list for the Shelsley Walsh International Hill Climb closed on May 16. The attraction of Shelsley to famous British drivers is greater than ever.

There will be several newcomers to the hill on May 28 who are world famous. "B.Bira" (Prince Birabongse of Siam) with his E.R.A. will make his first appearance as a competitor, and will undoubtedly be well in the running for the record. Another newcomer is Miss Amy Johnson, the airwoman, who is now extremely keen on motor racing, which she is tackling very seriously, and is particularly interested in Shelsley. She will be driving the S.S. car which put up such a remarkable performance at last September's climb.

Raymond Mays' E.R.A. entry is one of the new 1938 Grand Prix formula cars, and this will be its first appearance in public. Mays considers he has every chance of lowering the present record. Earl Howe is returning to the fray on a 1,500 c.c. E.R.A. and as he is now driving better than ever, will be a great attraction. Arthur Dobson, one of the most successful British drivers, will also drive his E.R.A., and Miss D. Stanley-Turner will drive the same car in the ladies' and other events.

The record holder, A. F. P. Fane, has entered his all-conquering Frazer Nash and a Frazer Nash B.M.W. and is definitely out to retain or improve on his record time of 38·77 secs. C. J. P. Dodson, winner of the Empire Trophy Race, will be driving the same car suitably prepared for Shelsley. H. L. Hadley will be driving a similar O.H.C. car, the driver of the third Austin not yet being settled.

Mrs. K. Petre will be defending her title on the S.V. Austin 7, her record time for ladies being 43·78 secs.

A number of new and very interesting Shelsley Specials will be appearing and are always good to watch.

A new class entirely devoted to pre-war racing cars has been instituted and will compete for the Challenge Trophy presented by Mr. Forrest Lycett, president of the Vintage Sports Car Club. These old monsters, which are still capable of very high speeds, are the actual cars which made history in Continental races before the war, in the hands of the pioneer racing drivers of France, Germany and Italy.

The Royal Automobile Club has been officially informed that the Minister of Transport has decided not to confirm an order made by the East Suffolk County Council for the imposition of a 10 m.p.h. speed limit on Violet Hill Road, Stowmarket, Suffolk. Objections to the confirmation of this order were made by the R.A.C. and the A.A., on the ground that there was no justification for imposing a reduced speed limit, which would not tend to increase safety on the road in question.

Motorists contemplating taking their cars over to the Continent this summer are advised by the R.A.C. to book their passages early. Last year, owing to the great demand for the necessarily limited accommodation for cars on the cross-Channel steamers, a number of motorists were unable to find room on the boats they had chosen. Although all requests for accommodation received by the R.A.C. were satisfactorily dealt with, in order to avoid any possibility of disappointment this year motorists are urged by the R.A.C. to make their arrangements as soon as possible.

SAFETY MG FAST!

CECIL KIMBER IS OFF ON A NEW TACK

"Sometimes, I steal away from Abingdon and go sailing at the week-end.

To my mind there is something in common between sailing and motoring. One does not sail merely for speed's sake. What matters most is the way your craft handles, whether she's racing along with a stiff breeze abeam, or tacking against wind and tide.

Now isn't that the secret of the charm of M.G. cars. They're fast, admittedly, but what matters most is the way they 'handle'—all the time—whether you're dawdling along enjoying the spring sunshine, or shaking out a reef and making the knots along an empty arterial road."

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

M.G. Midget Series T £222 • M.G. 1½-Litre from £280 • M.G. Two-Litre from £389 • Prices ex works. Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall

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THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES · BERKSHIRE • SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LIMITED · COWLEY · OXFORD · ENGLAND

EUROPE DIGS IN (Continued from page 326)

her tiny Baltic littoral, particularly Leningrad itself; (b) extending this system so as to cover main points of ingress into her territory through the Baltic lands and Poland; (c) making a special effort to prevent access to the coveted Ukraine; (d) looking anew to her Crimean defences in view of Hitler's supposed eyes on Constanza.

Is the tale finished yet? Not a bit of it. Everywhere the same fear of the *attaque brusquée*. Everywhere the same belief in the power of the defensive over the offensive (if European nations get really down to it). Everywhere fortifications, fortifications, many for purely offensive purposes, as many, again, for licit defence. In this article, I cannot hope to do more than brush in the merest outlines of, surely, as mad a story as has been told for a long, long time about poor old Europa. Feudal castles applied to the Machine Age.

In Tunis, the French are hurriedly digging in, in the sandy hills, confronting an already long fortified Balbo, in Libya.

In Egypt, King Farouk's engineers and our own are doing much the same in long-distance defence of Alexandria.

I was lately in Corsica, which is being refortified against time, notably round Ajaccio. Neighbouring Sardinia has long suggested something of a monster floating tank. Now the Duce is adding to Rhodes and Dodecanese defences. Does one remember all the fuss there was nineteen years ago about the Dodecanese, and how some of the jaded of Paris said "Oh, what do they matter, anyway?"?

Nor does a week go by without one's hearing of fresh fortification of the Balearics, of German guns over Gibraltar, of similar batteries beginning to appear in the Pyrenees, looking down on fertile—and war industrial—France. The French have now, of course, to respond by fortifying the Pyrenees, which had been as free of guns for over a century, since Soult's time, as has been that 3,000-miles-of-sanity, the U.S.A.-Canada border.

Shall these vastly far-flung defences through two dozen lands turn out a blessing in the end? May they make challenging spirits think twice and even thrice? One would love to think so. Yet it sounds too good to be possible . . . here and there. What is dead certain is that it will be a long day—as they would say in about-to-be-refortified Eire—before there is any dismantling of fortifications done in Europe, worthy of reporting.

P.S. Overlooked—the Ataturk's refortifying of the Dardanelles, with our kind (Montreux) permission.

RYNANNA (Continued from page 332)

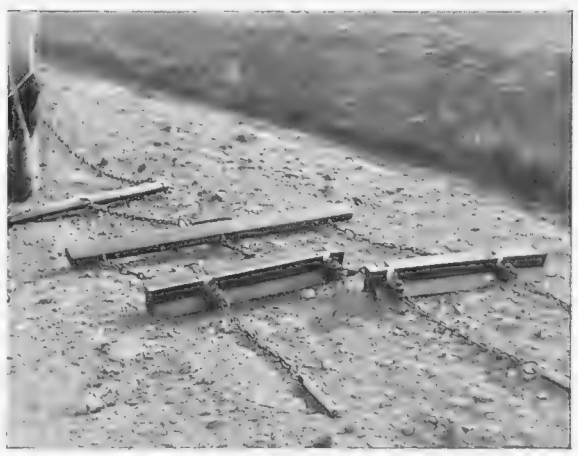
Several countries are now making plans to secure the bulk of the transatlantic air traffic. Germany intends to adopt a Southern-Atlantic route, using catapult ships and float-planes. France is expected to establish a seaplane base in one of the French settlement islands, just south of Newfoundland. An American firm has approached several Mediterranean governments with a view to commencing transatlantic survey flights. Their machines would probably fly via the Azores to Portugal. In view of this rivalry the status of the Shannon base is of considerable interest.

The airport is, in the first place, entirely Irish owned. According to the agreement between Great Britain, Canada, Newfoundland and Eire, only a joint operating company and Pan-American Airways are at liberty to use any airport in Great Britain or Ireland for transatlantic crossings for a certain number of years.

Fifty-one per cent. of the joint operating company now being formed will be owned by Imperial Airways Limited, 24½ per cent. by Trans-Canada Air Lines and 24½ per cent. by Aer-Rianta, an Irish company. This organisation will operate jointly with Pan-American Airways. Each of the three companies will nominate three directors on a board of nine. R.S.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 352)

Unlike the authors whose lives we have just been reviewing, Mr. Hesketh Pearson provides an index, which is just as well, for his autobiography not only contains references to nearly all the interesting people of his time but also has very many remarkable pen portraits.



A BOON TO THE MOUNTAIN FARMER: This apparatus, known as the Holt Bracken Breaker, has lately undergone trials that have brought the most valuable results which will undoubtedly be welcomed by the agricultural community and particularly by farmers in the north of England where bracken is a positive menace in some districts. The Holt machine relies for its effect entirely on bruising and crushing, as distinct from cutting, the special merit of this method being that the bleeding of the underground rhizome is continued over a long period, the damaged fronds being left in an unhealthy state. Disease invariably follows, and slowly but surely the bracken dies away

As befits one destined to become a leading biographer, Mr. Pearson has always been more interested in human beings than in anything else and the reader is fortunate that the author has kept records of conversations with most of the famous characters he has known. It is typical, for instance, that on his first meeting with Tree the conversation should have started like this:

ME: I want a job.
TREE: Can you speak German?
ME: No; but does one have to speak German to go on the stage?
TREE: It would certainly be useful if you wanted to go on the German stage.

And so on until the line where Tree winds up by saying "Beware of the encyclopædias. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but a lot ruins one's digestion".

Or shall we take a talk between George Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton? "They fell to without a moment's hesitation."

G.B.S.: Have you any adequate excuse to make us for not being drunk?
G.K.C.: I am desperately drunk. There is only one form of drunkenness that I acknowledge—the drunkenness of sobriety. As a consequence of not having tasted a drop of wine or ale to-day, I am suffering from delirium tremens.
G.B.S.: In that case perhaps you will please tell us why you are sober?
G.K.C.: That, I fear, is quite impossible. I can explain nothing when I am sober. Sobriety clouds the mind; drink clears it.

Then, again, there are good stories on every other page. The one of Labby, for instance, which came to the author after the appearance of his excellent biography of that great character. "While at Cambridge he was caught by a proctor walking arm-in-arm with 'a lady of pleasure.' Asked to account for his company, he said that she was his sister. 'Nonsense!' said the proctor; 'She's one of the most notorious courtesans of the town.' 'I know that, sir,' replied Labby; 'but is it kind to throw my family misfortunes in my face?'"

These genial reminiscences are called **THINKING IT OVER** (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) and besides being a full record of a life which has ranged from bandit-dodging in Mexico, motor car selling in Brighton, appearing on the stage under Tree (he got the job), Alexander, Granville Barker, and many other famous and infamous managements, as well as serving through the war, returning to the stage and abandoning that for a literary career, the book is chock-full of the most readable stuff I for one have read for a long time.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"Isn't he like his father"

but

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Independent Springing
(changes riding into gliding)

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(you can't help making a good change)

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(fresh air without shivers)

Overhead Valves
(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)

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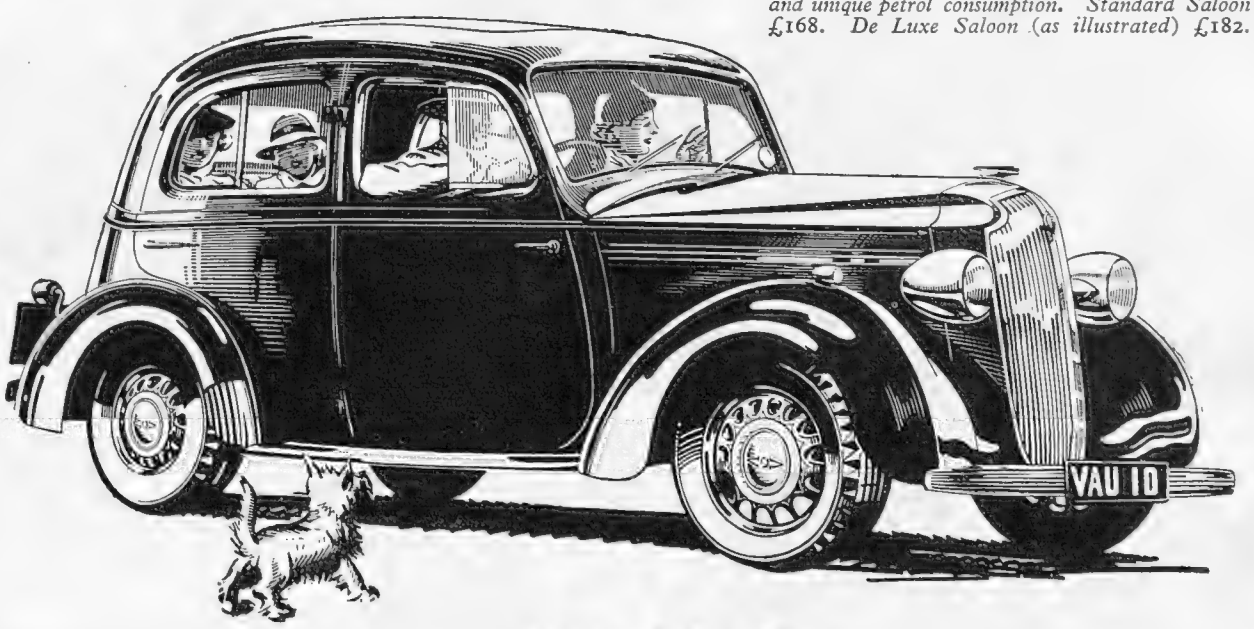
VAUXHALL

THE VAUXHALL TEN has true Vauxhall distinction, exceptional room, phenomenal power and unique petrol consumption. Standard Saloon £168. De Luxe Saloon (as illustrated) £182.



10 H.P.
FOUR

Britain's newest car. The world's most economical Ten. On a recent R.A.C. official trial the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Fine performance and lively acceleration. Independent Springing. Saloons from £168.

12 H.P.
SIX

For the owner who wants six-cylinder performance with four-cylinder running costs. Smooth; effortless; economical. Independent Springing. Saloon £215.

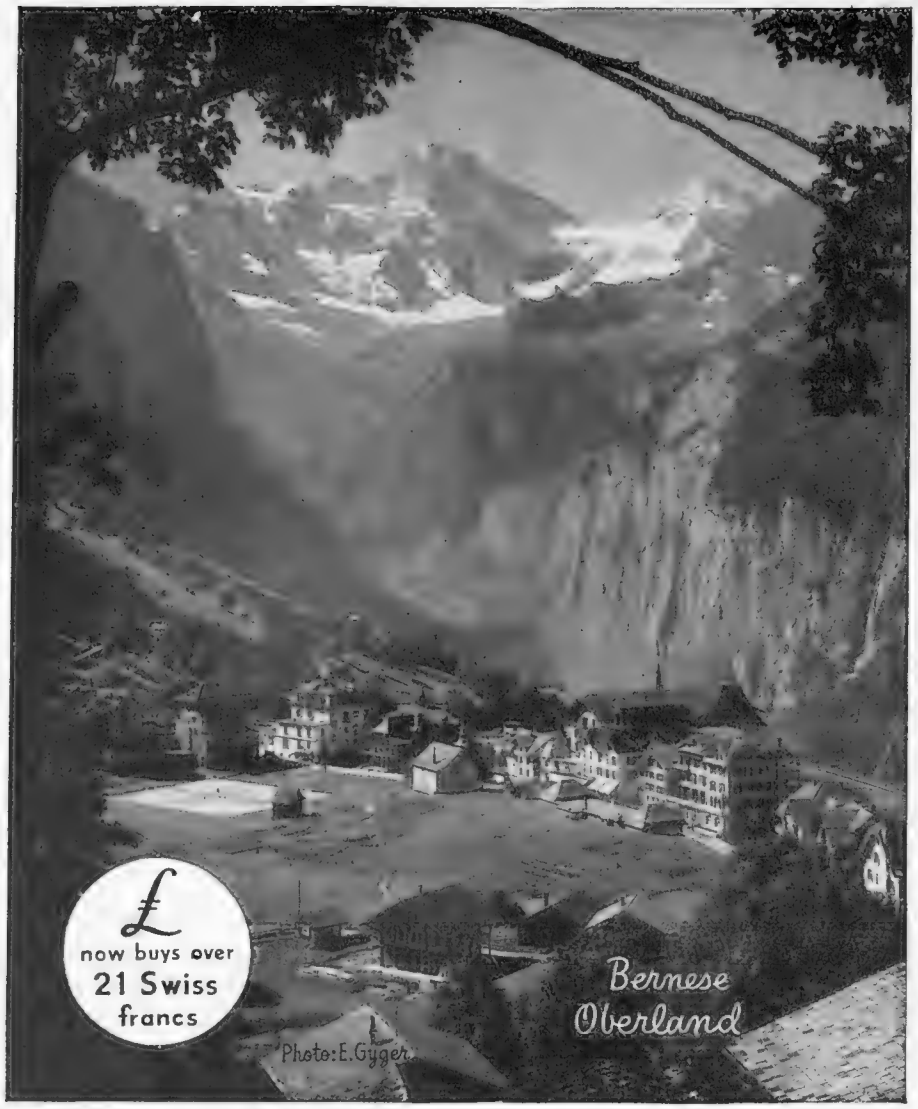
14 H.P.
SIX

Britain's most popular "Fourteen". Brilliant performance. Consistently improved and refined since it made motoring history. On a recent R.A.C. official trial the 14 h.p. saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230.

☆

25 H.P.
SIX

Vauxhall's luxury car. Designed to meet world competition. 80 m.p.h. when you want it. On a recent R.A.C. official trial the 25 h.p. saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. Independent Springing. All Synchromesh gearbox. Hydraulic brakes. Built-in interior heater and defroster. Many other luxuries. Saloon with built-in luggage boot £315.



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INFORMATION: Advice and free descriptive Literature from The Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent Street, London, S.W.1, WHitehall 9851. Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents.

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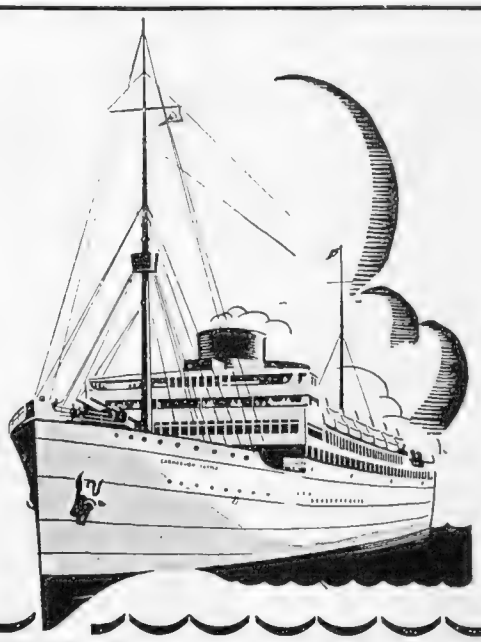

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CALLING TO MIND THE DAYS OF THE TABARD AND THE TOURNEY: This vivid display of armour of many ages is being held in the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, and should certainly be seen by visitors to the Eternal City between now and November

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

THROUGH the WINDOWS OF EUROPE

Places to Remember When Planning a Continental Summer Holiday

THE windows of Europe, except in stricken Spain where the blinds are still drawn, are open to the summer sunshine and you are welcome guests. Where will you enter? Each country, indeed you might say each town or district, has something distinctive to offer and the choice is not easy. Bewildered by long study of the countless pamphlets and books available for the asking, you may blindly plunge a pin into the map to settle the question. The methods of the primitive punter, however, are not to be recommended and it is well to have some definite scheme in your travel. Try to analyse what really attracts you and then see where you can get it to the best advantage. Let us look through some of those open windows.

On the ground floor, as it were, are those of France and Belgium just across the water. Along their coasts you hear more and more English spoken every year. There are many excellent places for family holidays and, though the champions of home resorts may say it is an asset of no consequence, you are among different people who speak a different tongue.

Along Belgium's miles of fine yellow sand is a string of resorts of great variety. It does not seem so many years ago that Ostend was the only name really well known to people in this country. Now there are more than a score, and the great war indelibly impressed one of them, Zeebrugge, on British history. Knocke has come very much to the front and the Casino Kursaal de Knocke is one of the finest in Europe. Regular concerts of classical music and dances are held there. An embankment flanks the beach and stretches beyond Le Zoute, forming a lovely promenade.

So much for the great playground of the Belgian coast. There are many who spend the whole of their time on it, or in sight of it. They miss a lot, for Belgium has so much to show and all within easy range. There are the medieval cities of art, Bruges and Ghent, the wandering waterways, the beautiful Ardennes, Ypres with its hallowed memories, Antwerp, Hainault with its castles and monuments, and the cheery capital, Brussels. In my early days the field of Waterloo drew crowds, but in the past quarter of a century Belgium has added vivid pages to its history. Nevertheless, I would still go out to see the stricken eagle, France's monument to Napoleon's legions.

The recent escapades of the franc have helped to put that country more into the mind of the traveller, particularly if he is a bargain hunter. Do not let that aspect weigh too heavily with you, for these matters have a way of adjusting themselves. In some respects, undoubtedly, France will be a cheaper touring ground this summer, but it is not on that score alone that I would commend the country to the tourist. Directly you set foot in the land you sense its charm and interest. I have a preference for the Dieppe crossing. I like the little sheltered port and the surrounding country, and the run to Paris lies through delightful country. You get much the same going from Havre and I remember one glorious trip up the Seine to Rouen, with an encounter with the Bore similar to that of our Severn.

St. Malo is the gateway to the west, most akin to our Cornish coast, with rugged cliffs and perfect sandy beaches. If that part should be your choice you should explore some of the old places so closely linked with our own history.

AT THE CONQUEROR'S TOMB: British schoolboys and schoolgirls pictured during a visit to the Invalides, Napoleon's shrine in Paris

You will come away knowing only a small section of the French coastline, for there are more than 2,000 miles of it. The picturesque shores of the Basque country and the glorious "cotes" of the Mediterranean offer endless scope for the most tireless traveller.

The more I know of inland France, however, the more I want to see—the chateaux country, Rheims and the other cathedrals, the majestic Pyrenees, the Alps. If you want beauty spots you may be sure of finding them in the districts of the famous spas. France is endowed with a great variety. One of the best known is Vichy, in the heart of the country on the banks of the Allier under the slopes of the Madeleine mountains. Another is Evian-les-Bains, on the French bank of Lake Leman away in Haute Savoie. The town slopes upwards in the form of an amphitheatre, culminating in a wooded plateau. Further north at the foot of the Vosges mountains is Vittel, again with much of interest besides the cure.

Looking now through the more distant windows we see a further group of lands with inexhaustible resources for the tourist, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, and a little farther off, Czechoslovakia.

It does not seem possible to look at a map of Switzerland and find a place name unfamiliar as a resort of tourists or winter sports people; some indeed figure in the programme at all seasons. The rivalry between them is so keen that I almost hesitate to mention a few lest the others construe a slight. Yet it must generally be agreed that Lucerne is the holiday capital, and that Berne, the picturesque old capital with its quaint buildings, Basle, sentinel city of the Rhine where it enters Switzerland, and Geneva in its beautiful lakeside setting are interesting towns for the tourist.

The three lakeside "L's," Locarno, Lugano, and Lausanne, not by any means learners in the art of catering for their visitors, may well ask for recognition, and what of Adelboden and the sixty-nine other centres in the Bernese Oberland; Interlaken and the Jungfrau railway? The Grisons-Engadine with its flowers and the Swiss National Park, the Tessin region in the south, the Valais region of the loftiest mountains, and the resorts in the Vaudois Alps come crowding into the mind.

Pick where you like, there are no blanks, and it is a certainty that your holiday is not going to be long enough for more than a few. That is why people go again and again to Switzerland, the inexhaustible holiday ground. The system of regional season tickets is very helpful in "getting around."

In recent articles I have taken you through Italy and Germany and the main lines of those notes touched on most of the "high spots" of the countries. Comparisons are not necessary; you should see both, but I have an idea more people going to Italy take an organised tour touching the chief cities and beauty spots than they do in Germany. In other words, the traveller in Germany selects a centre and sees all he can in that neighbourhood. Of course, there are very well organised tours of both countries and Cook's Grand Tour of Italy is particularly comprehensive.

THE CALL OF SWITZERLAND: In summer this land, with its superb lake and mountain scenery, lures the traveller no less than it does in the cold season when snow lies deeply on the higher slopes and winter sports hold undisputed sway

THE GLORIES OF THE RHINELAND invite all who seek the romantic, for here, indeed, romance is in the air and the great river, once seen, is not forgotten

I suppose the essentials of any Italian tour would be Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan and Florence. If you work on your own itinerary be sure to give enough time to Naples to include Capri and the ascent of Vesuvius. However long you allow, you will be reluctant to leave the sight of that perfect bay. At many of the places there are special events during the summer and it is well to make inquiries beforehand concerning them and arrange the programme accordingly. For instance, in Florence there is a national exhibition of ancient arms and armour in the Palazzo Vecchio. This display of martial equipment covers a period of 2,000 years.

Beverley Brooke.

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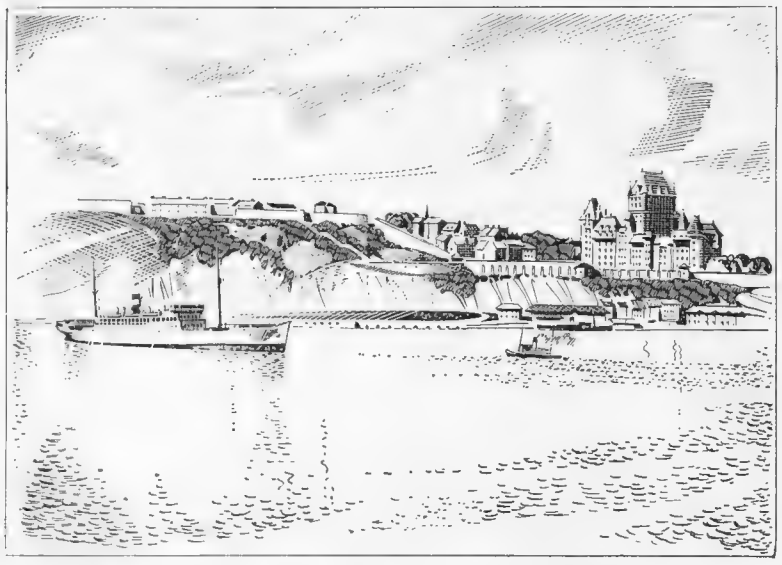

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TRAVEL BUREAU

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A HANDSOME NEWCOMER: *Vega*, the new 8,000-ton motor vessel of the B. & N. Line, outward bound from the Tyne. She is the largest and fastest ship in regular service to the Continent and, with the *Venus*, which has won great popularity on the route, will, from early next month, maintain throughout the year between Newcastle and Norway four sailings in each direction every week, the open sea passage taking 18 hours. A distinctive feature of the *Vega* is an observation saloon, and her sun deck, promenade deck and tastefully decorated saloons extend the whole width of the ship

HOLIDAYMAKING AFLOAT

Seeking Sunshine on Regular Routes and Cruising Courses

THE call of the sea is loudest when the sun is high in the heavens. The warmer, lighter days open up to those who go to sea for pleasure the waters of the north, and the cruising liners will soon be turning that to good account. The appeal of the holiday at sea is as strong as ever and quite a fleet of liners will be cruising at Whitsuntide. June and July see the largest number of departures. With all the bustle of the European summer cruising it is interesting to note that two of the big early year world tours are not yet finished. The *Franconia*, of the Cunard White Star, is now in the closing stages of her cruise and sails from New York for Liverpool early in June. She will have been away about five-and-a-half months. The C.P.R.'s *Empress of Britain*, whose cruise has occupied four months, arrives home next week.

ONE OF THE "MONT" STEAMERS: The Canadian Pacific cruising liner *Montclare* which, with the *Montcalm* and *Montrose*, will be carrying out a big programme of twenty cruises during the coming months

It is important to remember that not all those who take sea holidays go by the cruising liners in the strict sense of the term. The Atlantic crossing by the regular liners, Cunard White Star to the States and C.P.R. to Canada, attracts many people and the institution of excursion fares has given it added interest this season. Then there are the Booth liners which go up the Amazon into the very heart of Central America — a regular route it is true, but what a cruise! Although the river is not much south of the Equator the voyage is not too hot even for the June sailings of the *Hilary* and *Anselm* and the August one of the *Hilary*. Then there are the shorter runs to Madeira and the Canaries by the Union Castle and Royal Mail. Across the North Sea there are the two fine steamers of the B. & N. Line which keep up constant service between the Tyne and Norway. Making use of the leviathans of the French Line, including the *Normandie*, there are some attractive runs across the Channel.

The cruising programme proper this season is a very attractive one, and I now propose to deal with some of the ships engaged and their operations.

"Sun Tan" was a happy thought on the part of the Canadian Pacific for the cruises of their "Mont" steamers—*Montcalm*, *Montclare*, and *Montrose*. Their programme of twenty cruises begins next week (May 28) with the sailing of the *Montrose* from Liverpool and Dublin to Madeira, Las Palmas, Casablanca and Lisbon. She will be followed a week later by the *Montcalm* from Southampton to Gibraltar, Algiers, Casablanca and Lisbon. Fifteen of the cruises will be to the Canary Islands, Lisbon, Naples and other places on the southern routes, and five with varying itineraries which include the Norwegian Fjords, North Cape, Copenhagen and Helsingfors. The first of these will be by the *Montcalm* leaving London on July 2.

The two Lamport & Holt cruising liners *Voltaire* and *Vandyck* are carrying out seventeen cruises between now and the beginning of October. Both will be out at Whitsuntide, the *Voltaire* on an 18 days' cruise to the Mediterranean, calling at such attractive places as Villefranche, Naples, Capri and Lisbon. Her sister ship will go to the Atlantic Islands and Morocco for 13 days. Later in June they will both do cruises to Northern Capitals with different calls, and in July the *Vandyck* will make three departures

(Continued on page 362)

SILVER PREFERRED! Diving boys of Madeira gathered round the towering hull of a Cunard White Star liner, calling upon passengers to throw coins into the water. If pennies are dropped they often decline to dive for them

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HOLIDAYMAKING AFLOAT

(Continued from page 360)

THE GLORY OF TABLE BAY: Looking out across the waters from the deck of a Union Castle liner to the familiar outlines of Table Mountain, at the foot of which nestles Cape Town. The city is to be about doubled in size under a vast scheme of reclamation recently inaugurated

for the Norwegian Fjords. The *Voltaire* has one sailing to the Fjords and Northern Capitals and one to the Capitals only in July. The August cruises again include the Atlantic Islands, Norway and the Baltic and at the beginning of September the *Voltaire* has a particularly attractive 24 days' cruise to the Adriatic. The *Voltaire* begins her cruises from Southampton and the *Vandyck* from Liverpool.

Four cruises to the Baltic, Norway and Iceland will be made by the famous P. & O. liner *Viceroy of India*, carrying first-class only. On the first she leaves London on June 18 and goes to the land of the Midnight Sun for the night of June 23–24. She will then visit the Fjords. In July she has two Baltic cruises (July 2 and 16).

The new "Strath" steamers carrying first and tourist classes have a varied programme. The latest of them, the *Strathallan*, goes to Bizerta (for Tunis and Carthage) and Athens on July 2, the cruise occupying 13 days; to Dalmatia and Sicily on the 16th and at the end of the same month she leaves Southampton for the Baltic. Her August cruise is one of 22 days through the Mediterranean, calling at such interesting places as Constanza, Istanbul, Rhodes and Palermo.

Among the steamers on the Union Castle Line's regular service from Southampton to Madeira is the latest addition to the fleet, the *Capetown Castle*. Other Castle liners on the company's intermediate service between England and South and East Africa visit the Canary Islands. The sailings are every fortnight from London. The same liners do the runs from London to Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg, which make very attractive cruises occupying 11 to 12 days. There is one sailing each month.

The *Atlantis*, of the Royal Mail Line, one of the best known cruising liners, sails on June 10 for the west coast of Africa and the Canaries. If weather permits she will stop at Saffi to give passengers the opportunity of visiting the picturesque Moorish town Marrakesh to which I referred in a recent note. Early in July the *Atlantis* will go to the Norwegian Fjords, calling on the way at Edinburgh to enable a visit to be paid to the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow.

A special programme of tours in U.S.A. and Canada has been arranged

A DRIVING FORCE IN THE SHIPPING WORLD: Mr. Robertson F. Gibb, the chairman and joint managing director of the Union Castle Line. His company's programme of shipbuilding and repowering in the past four years is without parallel in the history of shipping. At the annual meeting recently he stated that in connection with the mail contract the company had agreed to reduce the time of the passage between Southampton and Cape Town from 16½ to 13½ days and that would be in full swing by the end of the year. Some of the vessels are already doing it

by Thos. Cook and Son. They have an escorted tour leaving by the *Queen Mary* on June 15, and returning by the *Aquitania* from New York on the 29th. This tour includes Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal and the Hudson River. On August 3, again leaving by the *Queen Mary*, an escorted party will go to the Pacific Coast, among the places in the itinerary being Chicago, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, Yellowstone National Park, San Francisco, Los Angeles, the Grand Canyon and St. Louis. The list of escorted tours to Canada by the C.P.R. liners is a long one and the sight-seeing on the other side is very comprehensive, in some instances going right across the country.

Every Saturday from June 25 to August 6 one of the two new Orient liners *Orcades* and *Orion* will sail for the Fjords of Norway or the cities of Scandinavia and the Baltic. As on these cruises only a limited number of first-class passengers will be carried there will be plenty of room for everybody. At the moment the *Orcades* is on her way to the Adriatic and is due back at London on June 4.

The Cunard White Star liner *Lancastria* is doing seven cruises between July and October, four from London and three from Liverpool, varying in length from 13 days to three weeks. Two cruises in July go to the Baltic and the second one also includes the Norwegian Fjords. The August Bank Holiday cruise is to Algiers, the Riviera and Naples.

In your sea travels you may get a glimpse of the new 33,000-ton flagship of the Holland American Line's fleet, the *Nieuw Amsterdam*, which has just completed her maiden voyage from Rotterdam to New York. She will call regularly at Southampton on both journeys—a stout craft and worthy addition to the North Atlantic "regulars."

B. B.

NORWAY IN HIGH SUMMER: The Orient Line steamer *Orion* anchored in one of the fjords

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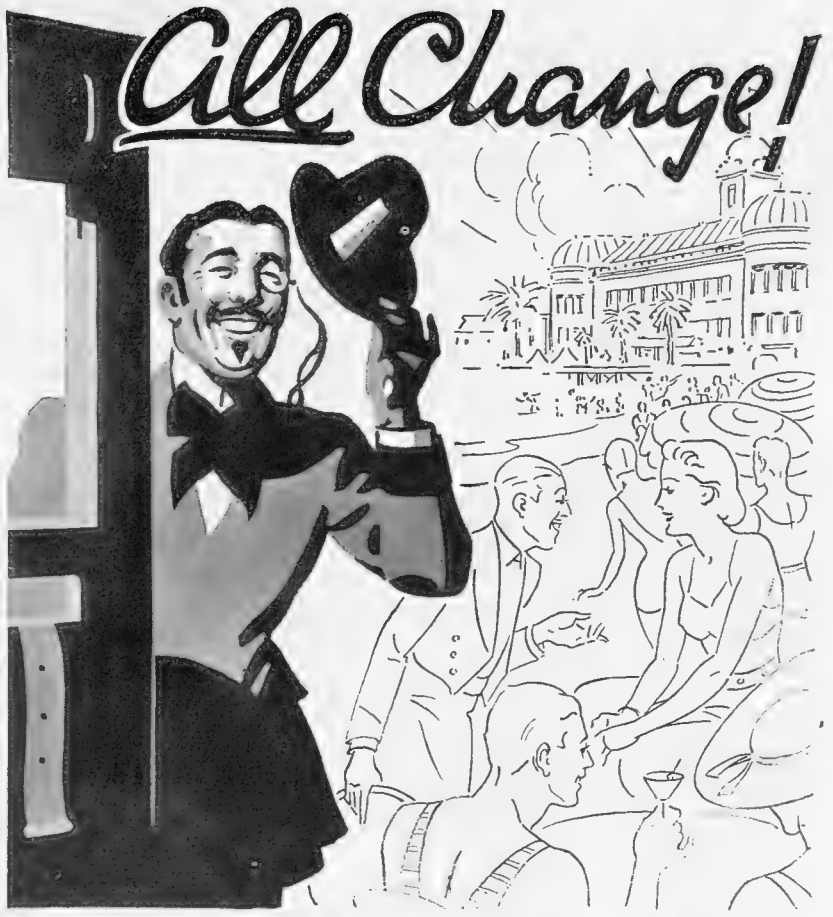

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QUEEN'S HOTEL—Leading and Best

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. . . and still the Red House

comfortably within reach of London, comfortably out of reach of London's crowds and noise. Golf, tennis, swimming and all the joys of the country at your command . . . nights of perfect repose, days without a domestic care, ten acres of garden . . . an hotel where it is a pleasure to be "at home."

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In Quest of

Same Old Favourites and New Now that Holidaymaking

FROM the middle of May onwards, holiday-making ceases to be the pursuit of the few who, like myself, enjoy taking their holidays at unusual times, and becomes the business of everybody. And that is a good reason for me to cast around this week in my mind and recollect for your information and, I hope, assistance, some old favourites as well as introducing you to one or two new friends which I have discovered recently.

What could be more delightful at this time of year than to run down for the week-end to the South Coast and be reasonably certain not only of invigorating air, but of the bright sunshine which seems a permanence in the early summer in Sussex and Kent?

Three hotels I have in mind, which are especially suitable for this purpose—the Queen's Hotel at Hastings, the Royal Norfolk Hotel at Bognor, and the Prince's Hotel at Folkestone. Each of these hotels is old-established and well known, and very popular among London people who wish to spend a week-end in especially congenial surroundings at the seaside. Each has very much its own character.

The Queen's, which is the principal hotel in Hastings, is magnificently appointed, and indeed almost palatial. In addition to the usual amenities which one expects in a first-class seaside hotel nowadays, it has a ball-room where 200 people can dance in comfort. And although the hotel is an old one, it has been brought up to date not once, but again and again. Like Hastings itself, it seems to be always improving and reaching out after some new attraction.

The Prince's, Folkestone, is another hotel which has changed very much in recent years, and changed, I may say, for the better. Two things I always notice about it especially. First, the extremely personal touch which its managing director, Mr. P. R. Bladen, manages to impart to his management. And secondly, its gaiety. For the Prince's, while being quiet and select in the best sense of these words, is essentially a gay place, and in its cocktail bar or grill room you will always find a cheerful crowd and good conversation.

The Royal Norfolk is a little different. If I say that it is in some ways slightly old-fashioned, I must make it plain that it is so intentionally. For everything which is necessary for modern comfort is, of course, provided. Its old-fashionedness lies rather in the recognition by the management that there are a great many people who, while enjoying the most modern standards of comfort, also enjoy a slightly old-fashioned atmosphere.

The Royal Norfolk bespeaks dignity and quality, as it is indeed well able to do in its magnificent position commanding the whole of the Bognor seafront. Perhaps there is no other town on the south coast which is quite so much dominated by its principal hotel as Bognor is by the Royal Norfolk.

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

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Half an hour from City and West End.

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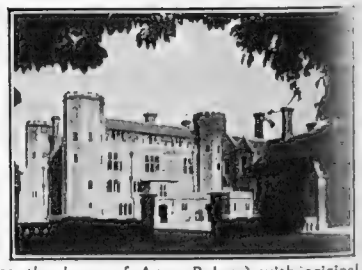

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Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

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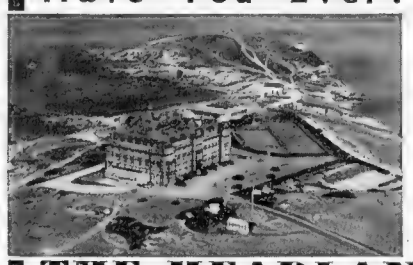


. . GONE for a voyage on dry land? For that is the impression at the Headland—with the Atlantic on three sides and the sun streaming down from above.

. . GOLFED in the morning on the course at the door, bathed and surfed before lunch, toured a sector of Cornwall in the afternoon, aperitifed, dined, and danced to Shirley Waldron's Band till . . . till—and NEVER felt tired?

It is all and only possible (above all in early summer) at

THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 511*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Discoveries to Note Down is Beginning in Earnest

Now for a new friend. New, that is, in the sense that I have only recently discovered it, for in every other way it is very well established — Shanklin Towers Hotel at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. I often tell people who ask my advice about how they can best succeed with a new hotel that, while brand new equipment and furnishings and the most up-to-date methods of cooking and so on can give them a decided advantage in some ways over their older rivals, yet they lack one thing—and that perhaps the most important—the established tradition and clientele of their successful rivals. When I say that, it is just such places as Shanklin Towers that I have in mind.

Here is a hotel which is not only good and full of character now, but has been for so many years that the same families return to it again and again, and would not in many cases consider their summer holidays well spent anywhere else. It is essentially a family hotel, in the sense that there is something to do for everyone, and parents, or even grand-parents, will be just as happy as the children.

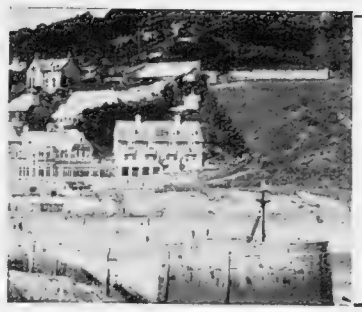
The secret of all this is, of course, the skill and personality of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Gould, who run it. It is not surprising that during the years they have been there they have become the best-known, as well as perhaps the most popular, hoteliers in the island. I was welcomed here—as I am sure everybody else is — with a genuine friendliness which made me feel immediately at home, and when I had to leave it was with the determination that I should return again before the year was out.

Another new friend that I have recently made, this time in a very different part of the world, is Dorrit Guest House at Polzeath in Cornwall. I make a point of writing about this sweet little place now because it is so popular that anybody who wants to get into it during the summer months must start making arrangements at once.

Quite ugly outside but very sweet within, it started life as a cake-shop, but its fame spread so far and wide, and so many people clamoured for rooms that eventually arrangements were made to accommodate them. And it may be that there will be room for you this year, if the simple life is what you look for on holiday. But because Dorrit is very wee (only five guests can be taken at a time!), and because there is a real genius presiding over the cake-making department, very early application is necessary if five friends want it all to themselves.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted.*

ST. GEORGES HOTEL
LLANDUDNO
Magnificent position at centre of sea front.
Telephone : 6257
Old established, but
Manager :
C. Greame Horspool
all bedrooms with hot and cold water and electric fires
London Office .. .. Hanford, Temple Bar 1178-9



French windows thrown open . . .
sun pouring in, blue skies and sea. Colourful days of perfection await you in May or June especially, at
BOSCARN HOTEL
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A small luxury hotel, famous for its cuisine, and under the same personal direction as the Dorset Square Hotel, Baker Steet, London, W.1, Tel. Pad. 4452, whose fame for fresh Cornish produce and peacefulness away from the world of traffic has spread over two hemispheres. Write for booklet.

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EVERY MODERN COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. LOCK-UP GARAGES.
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- It is always dry and sunny at Sheringham in June.
- Sea, sands, golf links, are inviting; the Sheringham woods and our five acres of gardens are at their best.
- We offer special terms for the month of June: in fact, up to July 7th, we offer every one of our 120 bedrooms at the inclusive weekly rate per person of 5 guineas, children 3 guineas.
- Last, but not least, Sheringham lobsters are in season!

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WE PROMISE YOU WILL NOT BE STUNG

Moderate terms now include FREE GOLF, SQUASH AND TENNIS
Unrivalled sea view and Rock Garden
3 acres Grounds
FIVE MINUTE MARINE SPA, and MAIN SHOPS
Central heating radiators, electric fires and H. & C. in all bedrooms.

Visitors to Park Hall tell us they like the congenial atmosphere—sunshine without, warmth within. The hotel is exceptionally comfortable facing due south with wonderful sea views from all windows. All beds fitted box springs. Vita glass sun lounge. Covered veranda. Some first floor rooms have private terraces. Special diets if required. Garage. Write for Illustrated Brochure P., or 'phone 3434.

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EARLY HOLIDAYS!
A wise plan indeed, for you will not only avoid the crowd but enjoy the genial climate of South Devon if you stay at—
LINCOMBE HALL
THE GARDEN HOTEL OF TORQUAY
Here—a profusion of flowers, palm trees and shady nooks—you can play tennis or just rest. At Lincombe Hall we promise you exciting days, enticing menus and elysian nights. Trips on the Dart and over Dartmoor. Free bathing from our own private tents. 50 delightfully furnished bedrooms, many with private bathrooms.
THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY
Write for descriptive brochure or phone Torquay 2302.

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Wherever you go stop at a **TRUST HOUSE**

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First-class, overlooking Sea. Marine Shelter.
Running water.
Radiators and open fireplaces in all Bedrooms.

Self-contained Suites.
Rooms with private baths and toilets attached.
Billiards Lift
Vita Glass Sun Lounge
Lock-up Garages
R.A.C. A.A.
Telephone 11

The Principal Hotel in a fashionable town is The Prince—in fact, *the* social hub of the north-west. For your entertainment are theatres, concerts, and all manner of sport, including seven first-class golf courses within half-an-hour of our doors. Inside the Hotel, a high standard of luxury prevails, with an admirable cuisine and impeccable service.
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SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL
For full details of moderate tariff, write H. Gascoigne, Managing Director. Telephones : 4131.

COME AND SEE . . . something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room. No extra charge for tea in bed . . . meal in your room . . . fires . . . garage.
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Most up-to-date Hotel in Worcestershire.—Wonderful air.—Sporting and Touring Centre.—World-famous Festival.
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A fully licensed country house Hotel twixt Downs and sea. An admirable headquarters for a summer holiday. Bring golf clubs, Squash racquet and Riding kit. Telephone : Goring by Sea 21.

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Well-appointed modern cottages of different sizes to suit each party from 13/6 per night per cottage for two persons.
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THE LAKE HOTEL

is beautifully modernised and situated on the shore of the Lake of Menteith in the heart of the finest scenery In Scotland. Within easy reach of the Trossachs and Loch Lomond on the Callander-Aberfoyle road west of Stirling and 28 miles from Glasgow. Fishing. Boating. *'Phone : Port of Menteith 203.*

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Midst the heather hills of the Sma Glen. Here is—wonderful scenery, peacefulness, and a cuisine above the average. Fishing attached to the hotel. And there are fish! A perfect centre for the walker and the motorist.
Proprietor : Thomas Matheson. Telephone : Amulree 5.

Scotland's Hotel, Pitlochry

First-Class Family and Residential Hotel

Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Garage for 40 Cars.
Telephone: 39. *Telegrams: "Scotlands, Pitlochry."*
A.A., R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. Appointments. S. W. Keeble, Manager.

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A luxuriously appointed hotel with every modern convenience in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands and under the personal supervision of the Resident Directors. Altitude 850 ft. Situated in 7½ acres of own grounds. Gleneagles golf 15 mins., 9 hole course, 5 mins. Excellent loch and river fishing free. 15,000 acres of shooting. Fully licensed. Unrivalled position for motoring and walking.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone and telegrams Muckhart 27.*
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., B.F.S.S. Hotel.

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ABINGTON (Lanarkshire)
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35 ,, ,, The Exhibition
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H. and C. water throughout :: GARAGE :: Telephone: Abington 205

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Lundin Links are at our door and some of the world's finest courses, including St. Andrews, are our near neighbours. For full details of this first-class sporting hotel write to A. Muriset, Proprietor, or telephone Lundin Links 7.

In Quest of

Scottish Hotels in Rural Surro of Glasgow where the Empire

EVEN those who know their Scotland fairly well are often rather rusty on their geography. But the usual procedure is to tour up the east coast and then come down by the west; and, except on such an occasion as that of the Glasgow Exhibition, there are many who will deliberately give Glasgow a miss—if Glasgow will pardon my saying so!

But not so this year. For, from what we read and hear, the Empire Exhibition is an occasion that cannot be ignored. From all accounts, there is plentiful room for those who wish to stay in Glasgow itself, and I would refer prospective visitors to the exhibition to an hotel guide which can be obtained from the Municipal Information Bureau, Knox Square. This outlines not only all the hotel accommodation available in the Glasgow neighbourhood, but gives full details of apartment houses as well.

Undoubtedly there will be many who, with the advantage of a car, would prefer to stay within striking distance of Glasgow, say 30 miles. So for their convenience I am this week listing some of those hotels which I know personally and which I can strongly recommend. In each case I have put against the name of the place its approximate distance from the exhibition.

Aberfoyle (26 miles from Glasgow).—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel: 31 bedrooms; bed, bath and breakfast from 10s. 6d. An hotel where one will be sure of a welcome from the genial proprietor, Captain Alastair Cameron. An hotel where there is every modern comfort, combined with the romance of the past. All the clans sooner or later gather in the Bailie Bar—Highlanders, Lowlanders—or just the common or garden Sassenach! Apart from the exhibition, the Bailie Nicol Jarvie is a good headquarters for touring the Trossachs.

The Forest Hills Hotel. Bed, bath and breakfast from 10s. 6d. Here is a de luxe hotel of the country house type, four miles from Aberfoyle itself. It has, like many Scottish hotels, a beautiful setting, and many original features, such as a Chinese room, which must be seen to be appreciated.

Bridge of Allan (30 miles from Glasgow).—Allan Water Hotel and Spa.—Bed, bath and breakfast, 10s. 6d. to 15s. Here, if you wish, you can combine spa treatment with exhibition sight-seeing. After a tiring day at the exhibition one could not pick a more tranquil spot. Mr. W. Holdsworth Lunn is the managing director, and when I mention that he is also closely connected with Atholl Palace Hotel at Pitlochry and the Marine Hotel at Gullane, that is quite sufficient to indicate that the Allan Water and Spa Hotel fully deserves four stars, as well as a special medal for tranquillity.

Drymen (28 miles from Glasgow).—Here is situated Buchanan Castle, once the seat of the Duke of Montrose and now a guest-house. If you want to experience the real meaning of "Tr. ive like a Duke," you should write t the manageress for a tariff and particulars. Amidst the ducal surrounds here is an eighteen-hole championship golf-course, tennis, fishing, and superb views across Loch Lomond, with Ben Lo nd to greet you as the morning cur ins are drawn.

Dunblane (32 miles from Glas w).—Dunblane Hotel Hydro: '120 ed-

DORNOCH HOTEL
DORNOCH

Open May to September

Adjoining Royal Dornoch Golf Club
AN HOTEL OF INFINITE CHARM
WHERE SUMMER DAYS ARE LONGEST

RESTAURANT & SLEEPING CARS BY LMS

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Patronised by Royalty and the Court.

The Heart of Highland Scenery, standing 1,150 ft. above sea level.
Every comfort—every luxury—perfect service.
H. and C. water in Bedrooms.
Golf—Tennis—Salmon Fishing—Mountaineering.

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Terms and Brochure from A. P. Tregenna, Manager.

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Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

ldings, but in Striking Distance Exhibition is the Prime Attraction

rooms; bed, bath, and breakfast from 10s. 6d. Gay tartan carpets greet you as you enter this imposing mansion standing on an eminence off the high road. Here there is gaiety and peacefulness; dancing, cocktail bar, the largest covered swimming pool in Scotland—in short, all the joys of life generally.

Edinburgh (45 miles from Glasgow).—Only an hour by the excellent train service. The Alison Hotel: 38 bedrooms; bed, bath and breakfast, 9s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. The Alison lies in Melville Crescent, the Harley Street of Edinburgh. It is very conveniently situated for the Waverley and Central Stations, and for seeing Edinburgh as a whole. Quiet and comfortable, the Alison's fame has spread all over the world, mainly through recommendation.

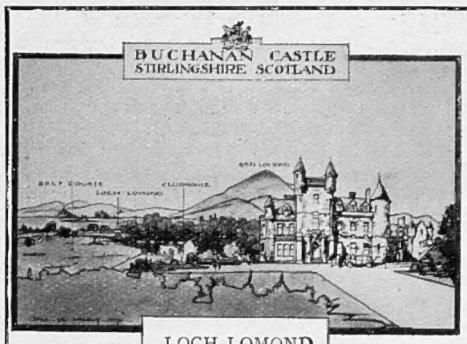
Braid Hills Hotel.—30 bedrooms; bed, bath and breakfast from 11s. 6d. This hotel lies outside Edinburgh near Braid Hills golf course, and would be more convenient for those visiting the exhibition by car. It is an excellent hotel, but often full, so it is very desirable that you should book your accommodation in advance.

The New Carlton Hotel.—80 bedrooms; bed, bath and breakfast, 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. This hotel I have not as yet visited, because when I was last in Edinburgh it was being entirely reconstructed. I hear that every bedroom will have its own communicating bathroom and bedside telephone; that there will be a silver grill, a ballroom, a palm court; and that the hotel will be quite Edinburgh's "latest." The location is the North Bridge, with direct approach from Waverley Station (L.N.E.R.).

Glendevon, Perthshire (46 miles from Glasgow).—The Castle Hotel: 35 bedrooms; bed, bath and breakfast from 9s. 6d. A most charming hotel in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands, and under the personal supervision of the resident directors. Although this is an hotel at which you can stay for a night, you will feel much more inclined to stay for weeks. It lies in 7½ acres of its own grounds, and what with free loch and river fishing, 15,000 acres of shooting, and Gleneagles golf course only fifteen minutes away, I am afraid that even the Empire Exhibition will become a secondary attraction if you decide to stay here.

The Trossachs (33 miles from Glasgow).—The Trossachs Hotel.—Bed, bath and breakfast, from 11s. 6d. to 15s. This hotel, which lies on Loch Katrine, has one of the most attractive settings of any hotel in Scotland—and that is saying a good deal. Here you can sleep and eat amid many romantic associations with Rob Roy. From your window—if you can secure one of the turret rooms—you get the most perfect panoramic views of the surrounding Bens. An excellently run hotel. The last time I was there I left my rain-coat behind—the wonder it is I did not leave myself!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*



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Every Modern Convenience

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offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom. A cuisine above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Tele. Kinloch Ard, 210. Fully Licensed.

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THOUSANDS of Sassenachs will visit Scotland this spring . . . and at The Marine we are waiting to show them Scotland at her best. A first-class hotel with a high standard of comfort; good cooking and good company, showing Scottish hospitality at its best, three first-class golf-courses at our door and five more within a radius of five miles, sandy beaches and bathing . . . and a fine climate with an abnormally low rainfall, all await you at

THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE

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Moderate terms. Write now to H. Crichton for Booklet or 'phone: Gullane 106

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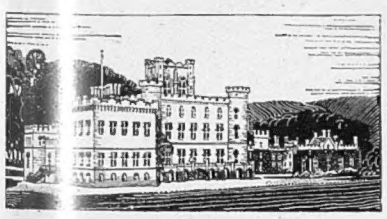

The ancient stones of Taymouth Castle are a symbol both of feudal times, and of modern hotel service. For the castle is beautifully furnished and equipped—even to a modern dance floor. In its 500 acres you can fish, play tennis, badminton, or golf (private course designed by Braid). And outside lie the glories of Grampians and Tay. Come for a week—or a week-end.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE

HOTEL

ABERFELDY PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

THE STATION HOTEL, OBAN

Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands. 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift, Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.

Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.

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Further Particulars apply Manageress.

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A MISSION UNIQUE IN THE MODERN WORLD

(*Continued from page* 330)

banner of complete independence all their long lives, so one can hardly expect them to change now, at their ages."

The Filipinos are themselves not blind to the fact that if America withdraws, it leaves their country wide open to the Japanese, who are losing no time to be first in the field. President Quezon recently refused a Japanese offer to exploit the iron-ore deposits. The Filipinos realise, too, that without America behind them, they have not yet the prestige or power to prevent Asiatic immigration. And practically all, save those who might aspire to lucrative official posts, fear eventual oppression and extortion from their own people, were the American brake to be released. Americanised as are the Christian Filipinos, they are still children of the Orient, so while graft and corruption are straggling weeds at present, the fertile ground of opportunity could soon raise a jungle.

I asked Mr. McNutt what they would do about defence, and he said that as far as manpower was concerned, they had good material. "The Filipino makes an excellent soldier, physically courageous and efficient." But again their powers of organisation and leadership would have to be proved, for so far all the officers are American.

From America's point of view, withdrawal from the Philippines with the resultant economic repercussion in the States, would mean the loss of America's second best customer in the Far East, Japan being the first, with China lagging behind as a poor third.

I asked Mr. McNutt whether the Tydings-McDuffie Act of Congress granting national independence to the Philippine Islands was the inviolable "Magna Charta" of the Filipinos as some assert.

"By retaining our sovereignty over the Philippines we are not violating any treaty or covenant. I do not think you will find a nation in the world to-day more conscientious, even at sacrifices, regarding the faithful performance of treaties and international agreements. But in the case of the Philippines we are not faced with a problem the reconsideration of which would impinge upon our national honour. The matter concerns a Statute only, subject to amendment or repeal. This is no question involving national integrity. America can withdraw or remain with equal propriety. The problem before us is how best to preserve and serve the interests of both countries and peoples, to maintain, and if possible increase, mutual commercial facilities, and a life-line of constructive peaceful intercourse in this very troublous quarter of the world. American withdrawal will menace this peace."

THE RUINS OF IZAAK WALTON'S MEMORIAL COTTAGE AT SHALLOWFORD, near Stafford, after it had been destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week. With the exception of the furniture seen in the foreground, the contents were all burnt, including many articles associated with the great angler and fishing generally. The cottage has had a curious history and at one time an attempt was made to purchase it and move it to America. This failed and the place was restored and presented to the public in 1924. In May, 1927, it was burnt out, most of the relics on that occasion being saved. It was restored by public subscription, and doubtless an attempt will now be made to restore it once again

Why not make your long-dreamed-of Round-the-World Tour this year? Choose your own route, plan it to your own ideas, stay where you like for as long as you like in any country within two years date limit of ticket. The cost is much less than you would expect. Ask for our Independent World Tour leaflet.

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THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The above Society maintains and trains 1,200 poor boys and girls. Boys in the Training Ship *Arethusa* are trained for a life at sea and enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. Other boys are prepared for definite trades and will always be employable. The girls are trained for domestic service. This, briefly, is the work of the Society which is in urgent need of funds. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A DEBUTANTE OF 1938: Miss M'eudail Hutchison, daughter of Mr. George Wm. Hutchison, C.M.G., Legion d'honneur, ex-Mayor of Auckland, secretary of the Automobile Association of Auckland, who was among those presented at Court last week by Mrs. Jordan, wife of the High Commissioner of New Zealand

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4—*May* 21, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.** — The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — **Atlanta Hotel.** — First, central, cosy, modern, all rooms with bath. Single 10/-, double 14/-.

Brussels.—**Hotel Metropole.**—
The leading hotel.
The finest hotel rooms in the World.

Antwerp.—**Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute. — **Palace Hotel.** — Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates. Open Whitsun.

Knocke-Zoute.—**Rubens Hotel.**—Finest hotel facing sea. Near Casino, golf, tennis. Special early season rates; now open.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad. — **Hotel Imperial.** — Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—
Hotel Königsvilla.—
The Leading Hotel.

FRANCE.

Paris.—**Hotel Jubile,** 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

Antibes.—**Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.**—
Pavillon Eden Roc
Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Cap Martin.—**Cap Martin Hotel.**—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.—**Navirotel.**—Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel des Anglais.**—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet. — **Hotel Regina.** — Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—
Brenner's Stephanie.—
The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest). — **Brenners Parkhotel.**—Family Hotel de Luxe. Pension with bath from 18 Marks.

Baden-Baden.—**"Bellevue."**—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—**Bühlerhöhe.**—800 mt. (2,600ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden. — **Holland Hotel.** — 150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Europe.**—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden. — **Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**— Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—**Hotel Reichshof.**—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen. — **Staatl. Kurhaushotel.**— World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—**Der Kaiserhof.**—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—**Hilbert's Park Hotel.**—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs

Bad Nauheim.—**Hotel Augusta Victoria.**—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.
Jeschke's Grand Hotel.
The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—**Staatl. Kurhotel** —Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Dresden.—**Hotel Bellevue.**—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—**Breidenbacher Hof.**—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9

Frankfort-on-Main. — **Hotel Excelsior.** — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds. From RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—**Hotel Frankfurter Hof.** —Leading, but not expensive. Grill room Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—**Park Hotel.**—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.**—**Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms

Garmisch Partenkirchen. — **Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.**—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—**Hotel Ernst August.**—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—**Hotel Europe.**—
First-class. Quiet location in old park.
Rooms from RM.5.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—**Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.**—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

Königswinter o/Rh.—**Kurhotel Petersberg.**—Highest cl. Overl. Rhine Valley. Motor road. Rack rail. Gars. Sports. Pen fm Mks. 12.50.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—**Hotel Astoria.**—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance).—**Hotel Bad Schachen.** —First cl. throughout, 200 rms, private beach, extensive park, tennis courts, moderate terms.

Munich. — **Grand Hotel Continental.** — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—**Hotel Der Konigshof Karlsplatz.** —First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—**Hotel Grünwald.**—
Opposite central station. 300 beds.
Every comfort. Bierstube.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs. —20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—**Parkhotel Wehrle.**—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Nassauer Hof.**—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—**Palast Hotel.**—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden. — **Hotel Rose.**—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.**—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Rome.—**Eden Hotel.**—First class, in an excellent location overlooking park. Roof Garden.

Genoa.
Hotel Savoia Majestic.
Coupon d'hotel (A) at the Station.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—**New English Hotel.**—Ideal positn. Sun blcnies. Close to new "Lido" (free to gsts). Pens. 10/6 dly. Detls fr. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos.—**Palace Hotel.**—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15 With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—**Metropole & National.**—Comfortable hotel on lake side, nearest to business centre. Rooms from Fr. 6. Pension from Fr. 14.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—**Bear Gd. Hotel.**—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Interlaken.—**Hotel Schweizerhof.**—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

Lausanne.—**Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—**Hotel Mirabeau.**—Delight. home-like atmos. All cmfts. and amenities. Renowned cuisine. Diet. Inclusive terms from 12s. 6d.

Lausanne. — **Victoria.** — First-class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy. — **Beau-Rivage-Palace.** — The leading family hotel in splendid park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—**Sport-Hotel Wildstrubel.**—Alpine flora at its best, easy walks and mount. tours. Every comfort. Terms fr. Fr. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof.**—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.–

Lucerne.—**Hotel Balances & Bellevue.**—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—**Carlton Hotel.**—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Gar.

Lucerne.—**The Palace.**—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation *directly* on lake-shore. Quiet, yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—**Grand Hotel Palace.**—Unrvald sit. on lake. Quiet yet cntrl Open-air restaurnt. Large pk. Own ten. court.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—**Lloyd Hotel.**—Directly on the lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—**Majestic Hotel.** —Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Montreux.—**The Excelsior** has the best sitn. on Lake.—1st cl.—110 rms. all South. Recmd. for a stay all year round. Personal attention.

Rheinfelden-Spa, 11 miles from Basle.—**Hotel Salines.**—140 bds, beau. qt. sit. on r. Rhine, lrge. pk. Minrl, bths in htl. Incl. trms frm Frs. 12.50.

Spiez.—**Strand-Hotel Belvédère.**—Excellent hotel in unrivalled position on the Lake of Thun, Bernese Oberland. Pension from Frs. 9.

Thun.—**Hotel Bellevue and Park.**—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—**Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.**—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. No trippers or crowds. Terms from Frs. 9.50.

Vitznau.—**Parkhotel.**
Bon-Brothers, proprietors.
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg (Bernese Oberland).—**Waldkurhaus.** —Ideal for restfl holidays, surrnded by splndid woods & Alpine mdows. Incl. trms frm Frs. 10.

Zermatt and **Riffelalp.**—Visit and stay there at one of the Eight famous **Seiler Hotels.** Prospectus.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

SCOTTISH HOTELS

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Abington.—Abington Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
Muchalls (nr. Aberdeen).—Marine Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stirlingshire.—Buchanan Castle.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel. 324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex). —Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Scarborough.—Holbeck Hall.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—Lodore Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

Sir Edward: "Fair words are all very well, but I judge a man by his actions . . ."

Lord Bobs: "If all men kept their word as you do . . ."

Sir Edward: ". . . and all bookmakers' actions were as straight and above board as Duggie's, there'd be far stronger links for friendship between man and man and client and bookmaker."

Sir Edward the enthusiastic

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*May* 21, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.